POEMS

ON

Several Occaſions.

In TWO PARTS.

By Mr *HUDSON.*

NEWCASTLE UPON TYNE:
Printed by I. THOMPSON and Company,
MDCCLII.

ERRATA.

Page 15, for Rays read *Bays*.—P. 18, l. 2, for look read *looks*.—P. 20, for Powr read *Powrs*.—P. 27, let *Sea-goddeſs* be thus writ.—P. 64, l. 1, for ſit hence read *ſithence*.—P. 69, l. 6. for Swinthian read *Sminthian*.—P. 78, l. 23, for ſpreads read *ſpread*.—P. 88, l. 6, for Horror read *Error*; l. 12, after Cruelty put a *Period*; l. 14, after Sound put a *Comma*.—P. 94, for weeping hand read *ſweeping hand*.—P. 100, l. 16, for Fame read *Fane*.—P. 129, l. 11, for Swains read *Swain*.—P. 185, l. 13, for Shade read *Shades*.—P. 214, l. 20, for Folks read *Folk*.—P. 223, l. 22, for it's read *it*, and blot out *theſe*.

BRITISH MUSEUM

TO

JOHN TEMPEST, Esq;

MEMBER of PARLIAMENT

FOR THE

CITY *of* *DURHAM.*

AFTER having seen a learned and valuable Performance dedicated to You by a masterly Hand, 'tis with some Concern that I have nothing better to offer you at present, than this in-

inconſiderable Collection of *Poetical Miſcellanies.*

YET ſuch is your good Nature and candid Diſpoſition, that I am apt to flatter myſelf, what your Judgment will hardly approve of, your partial Friendſhip will excuſe.

SOME of the following Pieces were written at ſo early an Age, that I think myſelf obliged to mention it, in order to obviate the Reader's

der's Cenſure of Levity. The reſt, being the Amuſements of a few leiſure Hours, were deſign'd for the Entertainment of particular Friends, who being perhaps too eaſily ſatisfied, as prejudiced in the Author's Favour, The Poems are far from being labour'd. One of the Viſions only having paſs'd thro' the Hands of the excellent Mr MALLET, will appear to much greater Advantage, than it would otherwiſe have done.

WHAT-

WHATEVER the Fate of this Volume may be in the World, I have, at leaſt, the Satisfaction of an Opportunity to profeſs in this publick Manner, with what Gratitude and high Eſteem I am,

SIR,

Your moſt oblig'd,

Moſt obedient,

BLAKISTON,
Aug. 3. 1752.

14 N063

Humble Servant,

THO. HUDSON.

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ERRATA.

Page 15, Line 15, for Rays beſtow, read *Bays beſtow*—Page 27, in the firſt Note, for Sea; Goddeſs thus, read *Sea-goddeſs*—Page 88, Line 6, for Horror hides, read *Error hides*—Page 94, Line 10, for weeping Hand, read *ſweeping Hand.*

14 N033

AMYNTAS:

A

MORNING PASTORAL

FOR THE

BIRTH-DAY of his ROYAL HIGHNESS

GEORGE Prince of WALES.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE

Earl of MIDDLESEX.

Hunc cecinere diem Parcæ fatalia nentes
Stamina, non ulli dissoluenda Deo:
Hunc fore Aquitanas posset qui fundere Gentes,
Quem tremeret forti milite victus Atur.

TIBULL. Lib. I. Eleg. 7.

BRITISH MUSEUM

AMYNTAS.

A

MORNING PASTORAL.

WHEN *Maro* ſung his *Syracuſian* ſtrain,
Sporting on *Mantua*'s olive-ſhaded plain,
(Gay nurſe of flow'rs, where ſofteſt zephyr blows,
Mild æther reigns, and * *Mincio* calmly flows)
The † *Tuſcan Knight* wou'd hear the dorick reed
With ſmiles, and gave the wand'ring flocks to feed.
When *Philips* firſt, in *Anna*'s happy days,
Retir'd to meditate the Sylvan lays;
In ſhades the noble *Dorſet* deign'd to rove,
Pleas'd with the ſimple muſick of the grove.

Nor

---

* *Mincio* a River which runs by *Mantua*, in *Italy*, where *Virgil* was born.

——*Tardis ingens ubi flexibus errat*
Mincius, *& tenera prætexit Arundine ripas.*

VIRG. Georg. 3.

† The *Tuſcan Knight*, *Mecænas*, the friend and patron of *Virgil*, deſcended from the ancient kings of *Tuſcany*, or *Hetruria*.

Flebat & abductas Tityrus æger oves,
Riſit Tuſcus eques, MART.

Nor you, my Lord, reject the ſwain that brings
This ivy-wreath; in *Stella*'s vale he ſings:
Fair *Tyne* glides gently by, and forms an iſle
Where flow'r-embroider'd plains and meadows ſmile;
The meads, the vocal vallies ſound your name,
And hail another *Dorſet*, and the ſame.

DAPHNIS and *Lycidas*, with early dawn,
(Two ſhepherd ſwains) walk'd o'er the dewy lawn,
While *Phoſphor* yet with radiant front appears,
And *Philomel* yet ſteeps her ſong in tears.
The roſy-finger'd morn, fair nymph of light,
Withdrew the ſable curtains of the night,
(Diſplaying by degrees the woods and hills,
Dales, hamlets, fleecy flocks, and trembling rills)
With gliſt'ning charms, glad prelude of the ſun,
Waking the lark; when *Daphnis* thus begun.

DAPHNIS.

SAY, *Lycidas*, return'd from foreign fields,
(If ſofter notes the happy climate yields)
What bring'ſt thou from**Marcilli*'s fragrant bow'rs,
And golden glades, ſo far excelling ours?
Here, by the nymphs, your novel ſonnets try,
While yet our wanton lambs in ſlumbers lie;

The

* *Marcilli* in *France*, the ſcene of ſome paſtoral pieces.
Vid. FONTENELLE.

The miſts recede before the matin ray,
Curling the lakes the balmy breezes play;
The laurell'd muſes love this pearly prime,
The mem'ry wake, and give the flowing rhyme.

LYCIDAS.

So may my fingers all their cunning loſe
As I reject our native lays for thoſe:
No ſkill had I of ſuch vain-fancied airs,
As gay * *Loirette* and fairer *Lignon* hears:
Adieu, ye orange groves and myrtle ſhades,
Charanthe's paſtures, and her roſeate glades;
Ye vine-cloth'd mountains, and ye thymy vales,
And jeſs'min arbours fann'd with ſpicy gales:
Adieu, ye prattling nymphs and dancing ſwains;
Falſe ſcenes, where gaiety with famine reigns.
Ah! luckleſs I, my fleecy brood to keep
Where prowling wolves devour the harmleſs ſheep,
Where licens'd tyrants, flocks, and ſhepherds ſhear,
And flaunt with all the profits of the year.

DAPHNIS.

COME then, dear ſwain, *Amyntas*' praiſe rehearſe,
And *Albion*'s hopes in no ignoble verſe.
Here the dew-loaded eglantines delight,
Here wood-bines op'ning with the growing light;
Em-

* *Loirette* and *Lignon*, rivers of *France*.

Embow'ring trees afford a cloſe retreat,
And beds of camomile a ſilken ſeat;
Scenes by *Dione*'s faireſt fingers dreſt,
Where **Pan* from hunting takes his noon-day reſt;
The murm'ring ſtream ſhall gently flow along,
And liſt'ning *Naids* love the *Sylvan* ſong.

LYCIDAS.

Aurora heard the pow'rful numbers riſe
With orient glances bright'ning up the ſkies,
When the †*Wierd Siſter* thus her charms begun.
§ With candid fates my golden ſpindle run.

BE careful now, *Eteſian* winds, to blow,
Ye foaming floods with ſmootheſt pace to flow;
The faireſt *Halcyon* on the ſubject main
Her offspring broods to ſway the watry reign.
Happy *Britannia!* heav'n her bleſſings pours
With young *Amyntas* on thy favour'd ſhores.
Shine out, bright ſtar, let drowſy nature wake,
Of thy auſpicious beams due notice take,

And

* Where *Pan* from hunting. Vide *Theocrit. Idyll.* 1.

† The *Wierd Siſter*, from the *Saxon Wyrd* ſignifying fate. *Clotho*, one of the three ladies of deſtiny, that ſpin the threads of human life.

§ With candid, *&c.* In imitation of *Catullus*.

—— *Sed Vos, quos Fata ſequuntur,*
Currite ducentes ſubtemina, currite Fuſi.
Catull. *de Nuptiis Pelei & Thetidos.*

And graceful give the univerſal ſmile
In gratulation to *Britannia*'s iſle.

WITH candid fates my golden ſpindle run.
Upriſing ſee the light-encircled ſun!
The months and ſeaſons at his levee wait,
And genial hours attend his pomp of ſtate:
He comes in glory viſiting the earth
With brighter beams to grace *Amyntas*' birth.
Pleaſure and health attend the gentle *May*
Where ſoft-wing'd *Zephyr* and fair *Flora* play;
The ſiſter-graces arm in arm advance
Along the vernal green, and form the dance;
Mean time the plum'd muſicians of the grove
Hymn their ſweet carols with the voice of love;
The woods, the fields their gayeſt liv'ry wear:
Amyntas comes amid the ſmiling year.

WITH candid fates my golden ſpindle flow.
Spontaneous flow'rs around his cradle grow;
Ye pæſtan roſes (ſuch to him are due)
Burſt into beauty, and your charms renew;
Ye fine-cloth'd lillies (ſuch become his train)
Expand with joy, and crowd the whit'ning plain.
Sabæan wealth ſhall cloath the vulgar thorn,
* And bleſt amomum *Britiſh* brakes adorn:

Hy-

* And bleſt amomum: a flowering ſhrub, frequent in *Aſſyria*.
—— Aſſyrium *vulgo naſcetur amomum*.
VIRG. Eclog. 4.

Hyblæan bees their dulcet ſtores prepare,
Swept from the bending blooms with curious care;
For him the heifers, from the verdant vale,
Bring ſtrutting udders to the milking pail:
Butter and honey be his early food,
That he may know (with force of higheſt blood)
To ſhun the evil and to chuſe the good.
* On *Dicte*'s height thus, ancient poets ſing,
Fair *Neda* ſaw the ſwarms their nectar bring,
And *Amalthæa* nouriſh infant *Jove*,
Great heir-apparent of the realms above.

WITH candid fates my golden ſpindle flow.
Aonian maids, what ſpring detains you now?
'Tis time to leave *Peneian* † *Tempe*'s plain.
'Tis time *Auguſta* hear your heav'nly ſtrain.
Already ‡ *Pales* rural honours brings;
§ Th' *Ampryſian* ſwain his happy omens ſings;
Already from beneath the chryſtal waves,
From coral groves, and pearl-enamel'd caves,

Cy-

---

* *Dicte*, a mountain in *Crete*, where *Jupiter* was nouriſh'd, according to the fables of the ancients.

† *Tempe*, a vale in *Theſſaly*, thro' which runs the river *Peneus*.

‡ *Pales*, the goddeſs of ſhepherds and paſtures.

§ Th' *Ampryſian* ſwain, *Apollo*, who kept the flock of *Admetus*, near the river *Amphryſus* in *Theſſaly*.

* *Cymodoce* the ocean's homage pays,
And azure *Tritons* ſound the natal lays.

WITH candid fates my golden ſpindle run,
Proceed great years; the tenor is begun.
O bleſt † *Amyntas*! ſprung of race divine!
In thee ſhall all thy father's virtues ſhine;
With thee once more *Saturnian* times return,
Nor worth ſhall want, nor innocence ſhall mourn;
Fair *liberty* ſhall ſpread her heav'nly wing;
Harmonious *peace* the ſacred olive bring;
Once more returning *juſtice* lift her ſcale,
And *plenty* ſmile along the loaded vale;
With white-rob'd *faith* religious *truth* ſhall reign,
While impious *pride* and *envy* growl in vain.

WITH candid fates my golden ſpindle flow.
Hail! glory of thy friends, in favour grow
With gods and men; in thy maturer days
The *Britons* ſafe ſhall ſtem the *Southern* ſeas,
Nor fear their purple enſigns to diſplay
In ‡ *Plata*'s current, and *Campeachy*'s bay.

* *Cymodoce*, one of the daughters of *Oceanus* and *Tethys*.

† Sprung of race divine, *i. e.* from *Odin* or *Woden*, the great god of the *Saxons*.

‡ *Plata*, a river in the *Weſt-Indies*.

* Another *Tiphys* to the *Eaſt* ſhall roam
With ſhining fleeces from his native home,
Beyond the common limits of the day,
Thro' floating iſles of † *Zembla* and *Cathay*,
To cloath the fartheſt ‡ *Seres*: *India* yields
The ſpicy harveſts of her fragrant fields;
And *Afric* (there thy honour ſhall be known)
Glows with rich preſents of the burning zone.

WITH candid fates my golden ſpindle run.
What other ſchemes ſhall live, not yet begun?
The northern ocean glad thy dawn deſcries
Like § the new luſtre of the polar ſkies;
Orkney and ‖ *Thule* ſpread their arms to meet
(Be thou propitious) the long deſtin'd fleet,
When with compatriot zeal the worthies join
To vindicate their treaſures ſubmarine;
When thee their chief, true *Britons* ſhall admire,
The other ſelf of thy illuſtrious ſire.

So

---

* Another *Tiphys* the pilot of the ſhip in the expedition of the *Argonauts* was ſo call'd.

Alter erit tum Tiphys, *& altera quæ vehat Argo*
Delectos Heroas ——— VIRG. Ecl. 4.

† *Zembla*, an iſland in the icy ſea, near *Cathay*, or the northern part of *Tartary*.

‡ *Seres*, the people of *China*.

§ Like the new *luſtre*, *i. e.* the *aurora borealis*.

‖ *Thule*, the iſland of *Shetland*, near which the *Britiſh* herring fiſhery is now begun.

So when from much belov'd * *Panchaian* groves
The *Phœnix* in a ſpicy gale removes
To make appearance (thus the fates ordain)
† In *Heliopolis' Phœbæan* fane,
The feather'd flocks with due obſervance trace
The ſhining honours of the ſacred race.

WITH candid fates my golden ſpindle flow.
Begin the triumph; in proceſſion go
Genius of *England*: thro' the city ſcene
Pour the ſoft notes, and charm the lawny green.
Ye nymphs, *Albanian* nymphs, the ſymbols wear
Of feſtive gladneſs, and the blooming year;
By moſſy fountain in the ſacred ſhade
Where *Druids* old their myſtic off'rings paid,
The votive wreath ſuſpend, and ſay, all-hail.
Amyntas, deign to love the lowly vale;
All-hail once more! O late may'ſt thou remove
From *Britain*'s plains to join the bleſt above.

THE ſweetly-modulated numbers ceaſe,
When gen'rous *Daphnis* with a kind embrace

A

* *Panchaian* groves, in the happy *Arabia*.

† *Heliopolis*, a city of *Egypt*, where the young *Phœnix* made its firſt publick appearance in the temple of *Phœbus*, or the *Sun*, accompanied with a train of different ſorts of birds.

A beechen bowl on *Lycidas* beſtow'd,
* *Silurian* work; the poliſh'd labour glow'd.
The creeping ivy round the handles twines,
And up the ſides extend the ſwelling vines:
Here looſe-attir'd the *Mænades* advance
And ſhake the leafy *Thyrſus* in the dance;
There browze the goats along the mountain's brow,
A beauteous ſhepherdeſs is ſeen below;
† While two gay youths contend in ſoothing ſtrains,
She ſmiles indiff'rence on the rival ſwains.

THE early horn now ſounding from afar,
Warns them to riſe and tend their fleecy care.

---

* *Silurian* work. The people of *Herefordſhire* were diſtinguiſh'd among the *Romans*, by the name of *Silures*.

† While two gay youths. Vide *Theoc. Idyll.* 1.

14 N083

DAMON:

A

NIGHT PASTORAL,

Occaſioned by the DEATH of the Celebrated

Mr *THOMSON*,

AUTHOR of the SEASONS.

TO

DAVID MALLET, Eſq;

——— *Tuum Pænos etiam ingemuiſſe Leones*
Interitum, Monteſque feri Sylvæque loquuntur.

VIRG. Ecl. 5.

BRITISH MUSEUM

DAMON:

A

NIGHT PASTORAL.

A Gentle ſwain, amid the ſylvan bow'r,
Penſive at midnight's melancholy hour,
Where interwoven ivy ever-green,
Myrtles and cypreſs blend the gloomy ſcene,
Began to ſing. The moon was charm'd on high,
And ſent a feeble radiance from the ſky:
The ſhooting ſtars ſeem from their orbs to ſtray,
The dewy ſpangles tremble on the ſpray:
Thro' all the vales a heavy ſilence reigns,
Till ſighing nature feels the moving ſtrains.

A WHILE, O *Mallet*, leave the buſkin'd ſtage,
And arms of heroes, for the plaintive page.
Be preſent, and from evil tongues defend
The bard that praiſes thy departed friend:
So may the muſe her freſheſt rays beſtow,
Such as beſide the ſacred fountains grow:

So

So may'ſt *thou* catch, as *he* is ſoar'd to fame,
A double portion of thy *Thomſon*'s flame.

DREAD queen! in ſable majeſty array'd,
Potent before the ſolid world was made;
Hail, thought-inducing night! the lover's ſigh,
The aking boſom, and the ſtreaming eye
Thy gloom befit: ſage contemplation roves
To each bright orb that thro' the welkin moves,
Or ponders death; and only ſorrow ſings
When balmy ſleep thy eaſy ſceptre brings.
Hear me, O hear me, in thy ſhades complain
For *Damon* loſt, the glory of the plain.
Set is the weſtern ſun, and paſt the day;
Sicilian muſes wake the ſolemn lay.
Damon, of all the charms of mind poſſeſs'd,
With elegance of form and manners bleſt?
O emulous of *Orpheus*' ſacred rhymes,
Worthy the golden and ſaturnian times!
O born with gentle majeſty to pleaſe,
With ſapient art and tenderneſs and eaſe!
O ſocial bard! how oft by truth inſpir'd,
Taught by the muſes, or with freedom fir'd;
All on the moſſy bank at leiſure laid,
Where waving alders lend a quiv'ring ſhade;
Faſt by the purling brook we heard thee play
Blithſome, till *Heſper* hurried down the day!
The cluſt'ring bees, far in the woodland green,
Leſs pleaſing to the wand'ring ſwains are ſeen;

Leſs

Leſs pleaſing on the hawthorn's flow'ry ſpray
Soft zephyrs breathe, and ope the ſtores of *May*,
Or to the fainting flocks in ſummer ſeems
The fall of waters from the limpid ſtreams,
Than was to us thy ever chearing tongue,
Thy faithful breaſt, and ſweet bucolic ſong.
Ah, moſt belov'd! ah, moſt lamented ſwain!
Sicilian muſes wake the ſolemn ſtrain.
Mourn all ye foreſts, and ye placid groves,
Soft ſcenes of muſick, and of tender loves;
For ever mourn ye gay-enamel'd fields
Thro' all the verdure ſpring-tide mildneſs yields,
Broad-furrow'd lawns, and aged mountains hoar,
Each ruſhy marſh and foam-beſprinkled ſhore:
Ye ſwift pac'd zephyrs breathing thro' the vales
Ambroſial dews, ye mild *eteſian* gales,
Ye cooling grottoes, and ye bliſsful bow'rs,
Ye moſſy fountains, and ye ſpringing flow'rs,
Deep ſounding floods, with gently-murm'ring rills,
And ev'ry honour of the ſhaded hills,
And every wreath the ſmiling hours prepar'd
To grace the temples of the ſacred bard,
All join in grief, all join'd in grief deplore,
Ah! nature's favourite, *Damon* is no more.
Sicilian muſes wake the ſolemn ſtrain.
How *Flora* weeps along the waſting plain!
Flung from her lap her blooming ſtores exhale
A ſickly odour to the fanning gale;

The lilly of the valley, faireſt flow'r,
Look up, and dies within the natal hour;
Blue *Iris* in the ſwamps, and in the meads
Panſies and daſies droop their ſilken heads;
The bluſhing red forſakes the damaſk roſe,
And *Hyacinth* expands his purple woes.
Narciſſus views his ſecond form decay
In that clear fount which took his firſt away:
Echo forlorn in rocky caverns lies,
And now reſolves to ceaſe to be a voice,
E'er ſince the winding dale no longer rings
With lengthen'd ſounds as pleaſing *Damon* ſings.
Unhappy nymph, unhappy youth, adieu;
Once loſt with diff'rent loves, with the ſame paſſion now.
Sicilian muſes wake the ſolemn ſong.
What gratitude repays the feather'd throng?
He firſt deſcrib'd their little cares and loves,
And gave to fame the muſick of the groves.
Now, nor the thruſh, nor ſweeteſt linnets ſing;
Ceas'd is the gen'ral chorus of the ſpring.
The ſilent ſwallow hides within the ſhed,
As if the ſeaſon too, and ſummer months were fled.
The cooing doves, with grave reſponſive moan,
Fill the dark woods the live long day alone:
Sad *Philomel* in midnight ditty ſhows
How much her numbers can improve by woes,
In all her choice of airs ſhe ſtrives to grace
The bard that taught her all her choice of lays.

The

The milk-white ſwans beſide *Mæotis'* ſprings
Eſſay their throats and hang their ſilver wings;
In moving ſtrains they *Damon*'s loſs deplore,
Such as they ſing when they muſt ſing no more.
Memnonian birds, amid their ſweets diſtreſs'd,
Forſake the groves of *Araby* the bleſt,
And fly to *Damon*'s too untimely urn,
As once to thine, great offspring of the morn.
Rich gales of fragrance *Saba* breathes in vain.
Sicilian muſes wake the ſolemn ſtrain.
The pow'rs of love and charming poeſy,
Harmonious ſwain, are weak in wanting thee.
For this the *Cupids* round the ſilent tomb,
Oft ſtand diſconſolate, and weep thy doom.
No more the graces with the nymphs are ſeen
By moon-light ſportive on the tufted green;
Nor in *Idalia*'s amaranthine bow'r,
Cythera's grottoes, or the *Paphian* tow'r;
Venus regards the victim or the vow,
As when *Adonis* felt the fatal blow
And crooked tuſk. The *Dryads* in deſpair
Their ſylvan honours rend and flowing hair.
The fountain-nymphs lament in moſſy caves,
Blending their ſorrows into guſhing waves,
Where gentle brooks with eaſy pace and ſlow
Roll down a liquid labyrinth of woe.
The tears of goddeſſes adorn the ſwain.
Sicilian muſes wake the ſolemn ſtrain.

The rural pow'r, familiar gods below,
Fauns, ſatyrs, ſylvans, feel the force of woe.
Great *Pan*, the friend of ſhepherds, lonely roves
O'er *Mænalus*, and *Tempe*'s flow'ry groves;
Mute is his pipe, his own invented frame,
Which love and ſyrinx gave, and gave the name,
This calm'd the winds, and ſtopp'd the rapid floods,
This charm'd the dancing monſters of the woods,
Now uſeleſs hangs. And now *Caſtalia*'s ſeats,
Parnaſſian laurels, and the green retreats,
No more reſounding hear the golden lyre,
With notes celeſtial of the virgin choir.
Phœbus, when he the bard expiring knew,
Slow gave the morn, and weeping gave the dew;
Obſcur'd his ſacred beams, who cou'd not ſave
(So fix'd is fate) one darling from the grave.
Sicilian muſes wake the ſolemn ſong.
O nymphs, for ever bleſt, for ever young,
Declare to *Arethuſa*'s winding wave
And *Galatæa* in the chryſtal cave,
(Till the ſad news to fair *Auſonia* ſpread)
Damon, dear ſwain, is number'd with the dead.
Fly tuneful grief, let gentle *Iſis* hear,
And royal *Thames* prepare the ſwelling tear;
His flock no more the dorick ſhepherd leads
Obſequious to the muſick of his reeds;
No more he ſings where virid arbours grow,
Where meadows ſmile, and rimpling waters flow.

He's

He's gone, and fled the pleaſures of the plain.
Sicilian muſes wake the ſolemn ſtrain.
When death, O *Damon*, ſeal'd thy charming tongue,
With hollow groans the rocks of *Albion* rung;
The northern winds flew backward at the tale,
And ſighing zephyrs died along the vale;
Thy native *Tweed*, with rapid ruin bore
Down the obſtructing mounds, and left the bounding ſhore,
Big with his tears he drown'd the flow'ry way,
And wept aloud in torrents to the ſea.
Sicilian muſes wake the ſolemn verſe.
Here *Damon* firſt adventur'd to rehearſe
Th' amours of ſhepherds, and in eaſy lay,
How all things own and bend to beauties ſway,
He ſung, deluſive of the lingring hours;
And *Love* and *Venus* liſt'ned from their bow'rs.
But now he ſings among the ſhades below,
The ſilent ſhades approve the ſoothing woe.
So when the moon in waving clouds is hung,
The nightingale repeats her plaintive ſong;
The penſive travellers with tranſport hear,
And ſtop to liſten, and forget their fear;
The frowns of fortune her ſoft notes diſarm,
And night, and ſolitary darkneſs charm.
Sicilian muſes wake the ſolemn ſtrain.
How frail and fleeting is the life of men!
Nothing is certain but one end of all;
We flouriſh to decay, and riſe to fall.

What

What gaiety the youthful year receives
When vernal flow'rs unfold their painted leaves!
Hard fate! no longer muſt their beauties glow!
Or the ſweet fragrance from their boſoms flow!
The ſhifting ſeaſons various ſcenes diſplay,
Till ev'ry pleaſing proſpect turns away.
Alas! the ſhifting ſeaſons ſtill return,
While we for *Damon*'s death muſt ever mourn.
From duſky night th' emerging ſun will riſe,
But night eternal hangs on *Damon*'s eyes,
And *Styx* declares th' irremeable way.
Sicilian muſes wake the ſolemn lay.
Yet while the ſpring a vivid ſweetneſs blows,
And genial ſhow'rs the gaudy bow diſcloſe;
While ſcorching ſummer ſhines along the plains,
And love's bright torch conſumes the dying ſwains;
While autumn's vintage to the vats deſcends,
Pomona ſmiles, and yellow *Ceres* bends,
And rugged winter breathes his bitter blaſt,
Thy name, thy honour, and thy verſe ſhall laſt.

14 NOV 33

THUS overſhaded where thy relicks lie,
The laurels ſpread their branches to the ſky;
Thro' all the ſeaſons of the whirling year
A conſtant bloom the ſacred grove ſhall wear,
Still freſh and fair, whatever tempeſt come,
And everlaſting verdure grace thy tomb.
Sicilian muſes ceaſe the ſolemn ſtrain,
Till night returning wake our woes again.

A

NAVAL PANEGYRIC:

TO HIS

EXCELLENCY

The EARL of

SANDWICH.

——— Sancto Concilio redi;
Tutus Bos etenim rura perambulat,
Nutrit rura Ceres, almaque Fauſtitas,
Pacatum volitant per mare Navitæ;
——— Culpari metuit Fides.

HOR. Lib. 4. Od. 5.

BRITISH R. MUSEUM

THE

ARGUMENT.

THE INVOCATION. *A View of the* East-India *Fleet, with the Praiſe of the* Britiſh *Nation.* Envy *leaves her dark Abode to diſturb the Tranquillity of* Europe. *She poſſeſſes the Breaſt of* Ariſto, *who craftily engages the Queen of* Spain, *to interrupt the* Britiſh *Trade. Hence War and Revenge by the Squadron under Admiral* Vernon *in the* Weſt. *The Scene changes again to the* East-Indies, *where is ſhewn the Miſchief done there by the* French, *and the taking of* Madraſs. *The Goddeſs of the Ocean is deſcrib'd riſing above the Waves in her Chariot, diſperſing the* French *Fleet by a Storm, and ſinging the following Prophecy,* viz. " That *France* ſhould not receive the Plunder ſo " much boaſted of, but ſoon be humbled at Sea

by *Anſon* and *Warren.*" *The Misfortunes of the Enemy heighten'd by* Hawk. *The Ambition of* France *compar'd to a* Comet *dreadfully ſhining, and quickly paſſing away;* Britannia *to the friendly Conſtellation of* Caſtor *and* Pollux. *The diſtreſs'd People of the* Continent *turn their Eyes to Her, who diſſipates their Fears with a Proſpect of* Peace. *Which is happily effected by the Earl of* SANDWICH.

A

NAVAL PANEGYRIC.

DAUGHTER of * *Doris*, faireſt of the train,
That wanton in the chambers of the main,
Hear *Arethuſe*, kind goddeſs make eſſay;
And while I meditate the naval lay,
Give me to viſit thy pure limpid ſtreams
And taſte thy fountain in extatic dreams;
With fancy roving o'er the mild *Champain*,
Where *Enna* rivals the *Elyſian* plain;
And in the deep'ning valley's moſs-grown cells
Harmonious eaſe with contemplation dwells;
Where to the groves divine *Thalia* ſings,
And greedy Echo catches at the trembling ſtrings.

Now nor the beauties of the charming bride
Enthron'd by † *Dis*, nor *Scylla*'s whirling tide,
The

* Daughter of *Doris*; *Arethuſe*, daughter of the ſea; goddeſs *Doris* gives name to the river that runs by *Syracuſe*, in *Sicily*.

† *Dis*, a name of *Pluto*, who, by force, carried off *Proſerpine* from the plains of *Enna*.

The fate of *Acis*, nor the direful rage
Of bell'wing *Etna*, ſhall the muſe engage;
O'er the wide waves on rapid wings on high
Soaring, the ſilver ſwan delights to fly.
Where *India* purples with the firſt-born ray,
Æthereal bluſh, the promiſe of the day,
With *Phœbus* riſing to the ſight appear
The *Britiſh* fleets; by * *Java*'s ſounds they ſteer.
Far as old *Tethys* ſpreads the flaky foam
On peaceful commerce bent the *Britons* roam,
'Tis theirs t'unite, whom wat'ry waſtes disjoin'd,
In ſocial league, and benefit mankind.
No wars they ſeek, they ſpare ſubmiſſive foes,
Nor meditate oppreſſion's cruel woes;
Glad their approach expecting nations ſee,
And hail the conſtant friends of liberty.
Ev'n now the crowds who *Rome*'s high-prieſt obey,
Or thoſe that own the crafty † *Arab*'s ſway,
Thoſe who the never-failing fire adore,
Or make a god of gold they digg'd before,
For their deſir'd ſucceſs more anxious grow,
And wiſh them ſafe from the moſt chriſtian foe.

LONG time had peace, ſuch was the will of heav'n,
Her ample bleſſings to BRITANNIA giv'n;

Be-

* *Java*, a large iſland in the *Eaſt-Indian* ſea.

† The crafty *Arab*, the impoſtor *Mahomet*, born in *Arabia*.

Beneath embow'ring trees the ſhepherd ſwains
On moſſy banks attun'd their rural ſtrains;
The jolly mariner makes quick return
From *Scythian* ſnows, or where the tropics burn;
Hard induſtry her num'rous hands employs,
And plenty ſpreads around her ſocial joys.
But reſtleſs *envy* from her cave below,
Where black *Cocytus'* dreary waters flow,
Flick'ring thro' upper air with tarniſh'd wings,
The gloomy proſpect of diſorder brings.
Wrath, hate, and fear, and treach'ry fill her train,
While fierce *Bellona* ſhakes her bloody chain:
Hoarſe-groaning winds declare the fury's flight;
Earth, air, and ocean tremble with affright.

THE proud *Verſailles* ſhe ſeeks and there inſpires
Ariſto's boſom with her helliſh fires;
All night he writhes with pain, ſweet ſlumber flies;
A thouſand and a thouſand ſchemes he tries,
At length reſolves, the lur'd *Iberian* queen
Shall open in the weſt the bloody ſcene.
Ambition, and her own *Italic* ſoul,
To miſchief prone, impatient of controul,
Set the deteſted meaſures in a light,
Not ſo unjuſt, as dazzling to the ſight.
The court-concerted villainy prevails,
She bids foul rapine wait the *Britiſh* ſails,

The

The merchant wonders how he falls a prey,
Secure of harm amidſt the wat'ry way.
Thus where * *Cathayian* caravans are ſeen,
To traverſe *Inde* or *Caſgar*'s ſhady green;
In glades conceal'd forth darts, th'envenom'd ſnake,
Or ratling, ruſhes rudely from the brake,
Safely he triumphs in ignoble feats
Superb, and gloated ſeeks his dark retreats.

BUT wak'd with wrongs the *Britiſh* warrior falls
Furious on *Portobel*'s devoted walls.
VERNON aſſerts the empire of the main,
The terror where he goes, and ſcourge of *Spain*;
Her rang'd artillery no longer ſaves
Driv'n from their wonted haunts, injurious ſlaves;
His arms the turrets ſhake, the fortreſs rend,
Diſrupted rocks enwrapt in fire aſcend.
So when of old, an impious race combin'd,
The common foes profeſt of human kind,
From their ſtrong-hold forth iſſu'd for the prey,
Diſturb'd all commerce, and uſurp'd the ſea,
From 'midſt the waves the force of *Neptune* ſhook
His dreadful trident, and † *Cicilia* ſtruck,
Trem-

* *Cathayian* caravans, thoſe that paſs through the long tract of *Tartary* from *India* and *China*.

† *Cilicia* ſtruck, a neſt of pirates in *Cilicia* is ſaid to have been formerly ſwallow'd up by an earthquake.

Trembled his empire to his loweſt cell:
Ingulph'd the town in vaſt confuſion fell.

AGAIN, the muſe her airy pinions tries,
Looks down upon the earth, and cleaves the ſkies,
Her former orient-tract again purſues,
Malacca's coaſt and *Borneo*'s iſle ſhe views,
Where happy groves their golden fruit diſplay
Rich ripen'd treaſure, to the flaming day.
But here perfidious *Gauls* their train have laid,
(As curſed fiends did paradiſe invade,)
Spoil thro' the ſpicy gales, or ſeek the ſhore
Where to *Madraſs Gangetic* billows roar,
Unpuniſh'd here they take, the ſwarm abroad,
What ſweets laborious bees for winter ſtow'd.
Io they triumph at the *Briton*'s coſt,
And reckon what their honeſt neighbours loſt.
The wind invites the ſails, the conquer'd ſtrand
Returning they ſalute, and leave the land.
No lucky omen waits; the waves divide;
Sudden emergent from the ſwelling tide
A beauteous form aroſe, of grace divine;
Her brillant eyes with beamy luſtre ſhine,
Rich gems that in *Cærulean* courts abound,
The rarities that in the vaſt profound
Flame from the chryſtal rocks, adorn the fair,
And ſtrings of pearls beſet her dripping hair;

Her

Her diadem is curious to behold,
Where rows of coral in the ſolid gold
The temples of the charming queen enfold.
Sublime in ſtate her ſhelly car ſhe guides,
And o'er the mighty world of waters rides;
Looſe from her neck the mantle falls behind,
Sweeps the big wave, and wantons in the wind,
Confeſs'd by her ſurrounding azure train,
The ſilver-footed miſtreſs of the main.
Friendſhip, fair faith, and equity beſide,
And ſacred truth, and ſpotleſs honour ride.
The boiſt'rous blaſts obey her awful voice,
They toſs the claſhing billows to the ſkies,
Diſpers'd the fleet is driv'n. The dolphins hung
On ſettling waves, when thus the goddeſs ſung.

YE venerable patriots, worthy names,
Who hold your ſenate near the hoary *Thames*,
Where commerce, emulous of *Ceres'* praiſe,
Abundance pours, rich harveſt of the ſeas;
Whence her hard train, unequal climes to cheer,
With ſwift reflux transfer the ſhifting year;
In vain, the * *Seine* and *Loire* expect to hoard
Your orient-treaſures for their mighty lord,
This eaſy-gain'd ſucceſs ſhall never give
To *France* to triumph much, or you to grieve;
Her

* *Seine* and *Loire*, rivers of *France*.

Her filmy web with counter-treach'ry breaks,
What time her truſted chief her flag forſakes;
When driv'n by fate, he views the *Britiſh* iſle
Deceiv'd, and * *Tagus* wafts the golden ſpoil.

BUT ſay, ye nymphs, what powder'd ſlave
ſhall dare
To *Paris* or *Verſailles* the tidings bear,
What gay, unthank'd, ill-omen'd meſſenger,
The diſmal tidings from the *weſtern* flood,
Where *Bourbon*'s ſetting-ſun has ſunk in blood?
Forth from the port the gallant ſquadron ſails,
The wide-ſtretch'd canvaſs courts the ſwelling gales,
They gain upon the deep and joyous brave
With foaming tract the vaſt *Atlantic* wave;
With wanton winds a hundred ſtreamers play,
A hundred gilded beaks reflect the ray,
And add new ſplendor to the genial day.
The *Gauls* with muſick move and conſcious pride
In whit'ning rows, but move not uneſpy'd.
ANSON the brave, and WARREN's dreadful force,
Hov'ring and keen attend the deſtin'd courſe;
Their bloody enſigns threaten from afar
Revenge and rueful rage, and fiery war.

* *Tagus*, the river at *Lisbon*, in *Portugal*, where Monſ. *Bourdonnay*'s treaſures were landed, when he himſelf was driv'n to the *Engliſh* Coaſt.

The *Gauls* with ev'ry pinion ſtrive to fly
In vain; they fall, they ſink, they burn, they die;
Yield, *Frenchmen*, yield, the gen'rous *Britons* cry.
So when a feather'd brood their domes forſake,
To ſwim broad *Iſter* or *Mœotis'* lake;
Where rang'd in rows they cut their wat'ryway,
The tow'ring eaglets ſouſe upon the prey;
Amaz'd the daſtard fowls eſſay their throats,
With greater hurry, and with ſhriller notes,
Flutter their up-rais'd wings, all order leave,
Are ſtruck, and periſh in th'enſanguin'd wave.

O LEWIS, mighty with thy ſubject's woes!
How art thou humbled by unwilling foes!
Son of the morn, how art thou fall'n! how pride
Has daſh'd thy glories down the driving tide!
See! mighty HAWK the ſad defeat renews,
And with the ſecond thunder ſwift purſues.
Another fleet thy adm'ralty prepares,
The like miſhap the other ſquadron ſhares,
Ambition's puniſhment for unjuſt wars.
Th'aſpiring cloud that elbow'd all around
Pierc'd, in a wat'ry ruin falls to ground.
On the ſmooth ſurface of the pool ſerene,
When chance the *Naids* in diſport are ſeen
The circle wide its ſpreading orb extends,
And like ambition's graſp, in nothing ends.

O LEWIS, aſk what neighb'ring ſtate repines,
And thinks too faint thy blaſted lilly ſhines?
Weeps thy inverted fortune and diſtreſs,
Or envies *Britain* her deſerv'd ſucceſs?
As, when pale frighted mortals ſee appear
The comet red'ning in the hemiſphere,
They know ſhe comes for ſome great puniſhment,
Gleams thro' the wide expanſe with dire portent,
And ſhakes irradiate from her blazing hair,
Diſcord, and peſtilence, and horrid war.
Not otherwiſe invading *Gallia*'s ſway,
Soon with its trail of glories fades away;
View'd and admir'd with terror at its riſe
Deteſted as the ſhining miſchief flies,
While royal matrons ſlaughter'd princes mourn,
And ſtately palaces and cities burn.

HIGH on her ſplendid throne BRITANNIA plac'd
Surrounded by her ſubject wat'ry waſte,
With awful juſtice greatly temperates
The riſing rage of kings and haughty ſtates,
Disjunct from other lands, as if deſign'd
By fate, the arbitreſs of human kind,
Nereian queen. The olive branch ſhe bears,
Such * *Britomart*, and ſuch *Tritonia* wears;

Emblem

* *Britomart*, the name of a heroine in *Spenſer*, reſemblihg *Minerva*, or *Tritonia* of the ancients.

Emblem of plenteous peace and grateful reſt,
When tribes of men are willing to be bleſt;
Her right the ſharp ſteel-pointed jav'lin wields
For war, for vengeance in far diſtant fields,
When folly, and the furies ſpread alarms,
And avaricious monarchs riſe in arms.

THE lab'ring people ſeek her ſocial ſeat,
From hard diſtreſs a fortunate retreat.
Her hoſpitable domes their crowds receive
To all the bleſſings a free land can give;
For gen'rous freedom there delights to live.
O glorious liberty! O pow'r divine!
All ornament and ſweets of life are thine.
Thy gift it is, that virtue ſtill prevails,
That honour flouriſhes, and folly fails;
That *Grecian* wit in diſtant ages lives,
And CATO's warmth in *Britain*'s ſons ſurvives.
Brighten'd, upheld by thee the white-rob'd iſle,
Caſts o'er the continent a friendly ſmile,
The joyous ſign of reſt from ſtormy toil.
As the * *Ledean* ſtar, auſpicious light
Burſts thro' the horrors of the wint'ry night;
To languid ſailors, hope and life imparts,
Inſpires new vigour, and confirms their hearts;

While

* *Ledean* ſtar, the conſtellation of *Caſtor* and *Pollux*, ſons of *Leda*.

While tumults by its influence ſubſide,
And ſmiling ſafety ſmooths the jarring tide.

THUS ſung the blue-ey'd goddeſs of the main;
The ſiſter nymphs applaud the grateful ſtrain,
Bleſt harbinger of peace, not far behind;
PEACE, the great work for MONTAGUE deſign'd:
Peace, that deſcends from lucid thrones above
In all her charms of harmony and love.
Hail, happy pow'r! O ſpread thy healing wing,
With MONTAGUE thy mild indulgence bring.
Hail, happy SANDWICH! may thy meaſures find
Succeſs to ſhew the merit of thy mind;
Prudent and brave; in whom with joy we trace
The ſtandard virtues of a glorious race;
Noble and good; tho' knowing, yet not vain,
In honour ſteady, and in manners plain.
Oft has the mūſe conſign'd to loudeſt fame,
The martial merits of that fav'rite name;
When haughty *Spain* her fatal blows receiv'd,
And *Opdam*'s loſs the fall'n *Batavia* griev'd;
Then dreadful MONTAGUE his thunder hurl'd,
Reign'd on the bloody ſeas, and aw'd the world.

TO you, your country now commits her laws,
Her juſtice, honour, pow'r and EUROPE's cauſe.
You like an angel with commiſſion ſent
To ſtop the ſuff'rings of the continent,

Forbid

Forbid the brazen throat of war to roar;
Confuſion heard your voice, and rag'd no more.
As when th'Almighty FIAT firſt was ſpoke,
Diſcordant elements new order took;
Nature put on her neat well-modell'd dreſs,
And light ſprung ſmiling from the dark abyſs.

WHERE rumour ſwift your happy toils relates,
EUROPE rejoices thro' a hundred ſtates.
Ev'n now the *Britiſh* bards their ſongs prepare,
The laſt ſcene's cloſing of deſtructive war;
Ev'n now the nymphs that grace the rural plains,
Your praiſes modulate in rural ſtrains,
They ſearch the groves where bluſhing roſes blow,
Where yellow crocus and white lillies grow,
Garlands to weave with meaning mixture gay,
When *Peace* with you returns, and ſpreads her genial ray.

SO when the WINTER, with his ſtorms ſevere,
Has plagu'd the nations and deform'd the year,
Soon as the RISING SUN is known to bring,
On balmy *Zephyr*'s wings the gentle SPRING,
Then earth profuſe teems forth her fruits and flow'rs,
Then dance the *graces* with the ſmiling hours;
Aerial muſic from the blooming ſpray
Salutes the ſeaſon, and the month of MAY:
The jocund ſwains their pipes and ſonnets join;
All own the BLESSING, and the CARE DIVINE.

ODE

ON

MASONRY.

INSCRIBED

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

LORD *WARD*,

LATE

GRAND MASTER.

Me vero primum dulces ante omnia Muſæ,
Quarum ſacra fero ingenti perculſus amore,
Accipiant; Cœlique vias & ſidera monſtrent.

VIRG. Georg. II.

BRITISH MUSEUM

ODE

ON

MASONRY.

DEſcend, URANIA, *Myſtic Maid*,
From HEAV'N's ambroſial bow'r,
If rightly we invoke thy aid,
And know thy preſent pow'r.
Or hear'ſt thou, WISDOM, by thy name divine,
Lov'd emanation of the TRINE?

Thou, whom the ſpring delights, that flow'd,
Faſt by the oracle of GOD;
Who wont on *Hermon*'s hill to rove,
Or muſe in *Sharon*'s lovely grove,

F On

Urania—Emanation of the Trine]—Celeſtial knowledge, or wiſdom itſelf, which proceeds from ELOHIM the *thrice ſacred Trinity*. *Wiſd. of Solomon*, chap. vii. ver. 25. *For ſhe is the breath of the power of God, and a pure influence flowing from the glory of the Almighty.*

The Spring that flow'd, &c.] The river *Jordan*, in *Paleſtine*, near which the ark of God was lodged.

Hermon's hill, &c.] A mountain mentioned in the pſalms of *David*,

On *Sinai*'s top erect thy throne,
Or ſhake the cedars of high LEBANON!

Begin, begin th' immortal ſong,
To thee the charms of harmony belong;
Thou waſt with heav'ns almighty king
When nature lay involv'd in night,
When dawning day began to ſpring
Thou ſaw'ſt the infant rays of light.

Th' abyſs obey'd thy plaſtic voice,
And chaos ceas'd his jarring noiſe;
Muſick awak'd; the ſpheres above
In beauteous pomp were ſeen to move:
By thee they firſt were taught to run their round,
With all th' enchanting majeſty of ſound;
The morning ſtars their wond'rous anthems ſung,
And all the bleſt empyreal region rung.

New

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vid, Pſ. cxxxiii. ver. 3. *Sharon* is celebrated by *Solomon* in the ſecond chap. of his ſong, ver. 1, *I am the roſe of Sharon, and the lilly of the vallies.*

Sinai's *Top*, &c.] A mountain in *Arabia Petræa*, from whence God gave the law to *Moſes*.

Lebanon] A mountain in *Syria*, about 120 miles long from eaſt to weſt, famous for cedar, cypreſs trees and Frankincenſe. It was on this mountain the timber was hewn for building the temple of *Solomon*.

Thou ſaw'ſt the infant rays, &c.] *Vide* wiſdom of *Solomon*, chap.

New earth rejoic'd to ſee the beauteous queen
Frequent in EDEN's pleaſurable ſcene,
To man, the beſt companion giv'n,
To man, the favourite of HEAV'N,
When ADAM knew no guilty ſtain,
And ANGELS grac'd the ſylvan reign:
There while ſhe meaſur'd providence's plan,
The myſteries of MASONRY began,
Of MASONRY, illuſtrious art that glow'd
Serene, while fate the golden age allow'd;
With one ſurviving, when the guilty world
Was doom'd to death, in wat'ry ruin hurl'd.
Ungrateful man! cou'd VICE prevail
To blot the beauties of the SOUL?
With evil overload the ſcale,
And WISDOM's warning hints controul?
Re-

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viii. ver. 4. *For ſhe is privy to the myſteries of the knowledge of God, and a lover of his works*, chap. ix. ver. 9. *And wiſdom was with thee, which knoweth thy works, and was preſent when thou madeſt the world.* Vid. *Prov.* chap. viii. ver. 7.

The morning ſtars, &c.] *Vide* Job, chap. xxxviii. ver. 7. *When the morning ſtars ſang together, and all the ſons of God ſhouted for joy.*

To man the beſt companion, &c.] Wiſd. of *Solomon*, chap. x. ver. 1. *She preſerv'd the firſt-form'd father of the world. For the knowledge ſhe taught him.* See a ſpecimen in *Geneſis*, chap. i. ver. 20.

With one ſurviving, &c.] Here indeed is meant one family.

The guilty world, &c.] *Wiſd.* chap. x. ver. 1. *The earth being drown'd with the flood, wiſdom again preſerved it, and directed the courſe of the righteous in a piece of wood of ſmall value.*

Reject the queen of arts, and damp
The ſacred, ſcientifick lamp?
Then periſh in the flood:
Fair knowledge heav'nly truths conveys
Pleaſure and life are in her ways,
And everlaſting good:
For this the Patriarch his ſmooth *pillars* wrought,
And MASONRY in laſting marble taught.

But ſee, delightful goddeſs, ſee
How thy bleſt arts are turn'd on thee!
To baffle providence's future ſtroke,
Mankind like their forefathers blindly bold,
Thy grace forgetting, thee while they invoke,
On SHINAR's plain a general council hold.
Now tow'ring to the clouds great *Babel* ſtands,
And caſts her regal ſhade to diſtant lands,
The

For this the Patriarch, &c.] We are inform'd by ſeveral authors, that the patriarch *Shem* before the deluge, erected two pillars in order to convey the elements of mathematicks to futurity, but the ancient MASONS (perhaps with more propriety) call'd them ENOCH's PILLARS, who from a prediction of *Adam*'s, was ſenſible that there wou'd be a general deſtruction of all things either by fire or water, therefore he erected two pillars, the one of *brick*, and the other of *ſtone*, whereon he engraved an abridgment of GEOMETRY, that if one ſhou'd be deſtroy'd by water, the other might remain, and *Vice Verſa*. *Joſephus* affirms, the ſtone pillar remain'd in *Syria* to his Time.

Babel ſtands, &c.] *Vide* Geneſis, chap. xi. ver. 6. *And the Lord ſaid, Behold, now nothing will be reſtrain'd from them which they have imagin'd to do; go to, let us go down, and their confound their Lauguage.*

The human ſwarms ſuch means employ'd:
(How like th' attempt, when earth-born giants pil'd
PELION on OSSA's height! URANIA ſmil'd;
Confuſion follow'd pride.

True ſcience leaving meaner things,
Amid the ſtars ſublimely roams,
And virtue prunes her ſeraph's wings,
And leads ſecure to heav'nly domes.

Thus when the morn unbarr'd the gates of light,
When purer air diſpers'd the fogs of night,
Iſaacides in ſpirit view'd
Where the ſurprizing fabrick ſtood
To bleſt angelick beings giv'n
An eaſy intercourſe 'twixt earth and heav'n;
Emblem of MASONRY, by which we riſe,
And claim acquaintance with our native ſkies.

Be

Pelion on Oſſa's height.] From the tradition of this ſtupendous enterprize, *viz. (Babel)*. The *Greeks* ſeem to have borrow'd their fable of the giants heaping mount *Pelion*, upon another adjacent mountain in *Greece* call'd *Oſſa*, to invade heaven.

Iſaacides]—*Jacob* the ſon of *Iſaac*, Gen. *chap.* xxviii. ver. 12. *And he dreamed, and behold a ladder ſet upon the earth, and the top of it reached to heaven; and behold the angels of God aſcending and deſcending on it.*

Be ſilent, MEMPHIS; tho' the early dawn
Of *Myſtic Lore* was known to ſmile,
Bright'ning the channels of the *Nile*,
Long e'er th' eoan chariot drawn
By captive kings, SESOSTRIS ſhew'd,
Sublime and flatter'd to a god.
Thy *Cones* and *Pyramids*, thy ancient praiſe
Might claim the tenor of our lays;
Thy ſapient ſkill, that trac'd the lights above,
The muſe would ſing, but ponders with diſdain,
Iſis, *Oſiris*, and the *Lybian Jove*,
With dog *Anubis* in the hallow'd fane.

The

Memphis, &c.] Many authors inform us, particularly *Diodorus Siculus*, of the fine early taſte of the *Egyptians* in building their magnificent cities, of which *Memphis* was the capital; it was here where their king *Seſoſtris* reign'd, who is reported to have ſubdued the *Indians*, and return'd from the eaſt in a chariot drawn ſometimes by harneſs'd kings inſtead of horſes.

Iſis and Oſiris, &c.] Theſe were the famous idols of the *Egyptians*, by which the learned ſuppoſe were figured the Sun and Moon, *Jove* or *Jupiter*. *Hammon* had a temple erected to him in the ſands of *Lybia*. *Iſis* is taken for *Venus* by *Horace*. ode 26. lib. 3.

O, quæ beatam Diva tenes Cyprum, &
Memphim carentem Sithonia Nive,
Regina;

Great goddeſs who o'er *Cyprus* reigns,
And ſcorching *Memphis'* burning plains. CREECH.

Anubis]—The ſon of *Iſis* and *Oſiris*, worſhipp'd in the form of a dog.

Thus *Virgil*, Æneid 8. 698.

Omnigenumq; Deum Monſtra & latrator Anubis.

The barking dog, *Anubis*, comes along,
With *Egypt*'s monſtrous gods, amazing throng.

The imperial eagle ſoars on high,
And baſks beneath the lamp of day,
The haggard hawk the flight may try,
But ſoon deſcends for meaneſt prey.
Thus did great TYRE and SIDON tow'r,
Excelling all the nations round,
Ocean confeſs'd their mighty pow'r
On furtheſt ſhores renown'd.
And cou'd they ſtoop to wail the fancied blood
Of ſlain *Adonis* in the purple flood?
Bow to the queen *Aſtarte*'s impious ſhame,
Fierce *Moloch*'s ſtar, and *Dagon*'s double frame?

Not ſo the royal *Hiram*'s heart;
By MASONRY's enrapt'ring art,

Fix'd

Adonis] He was the ſon of *Cinyras*, king of *Cyprus*, by his daughter *Myrrha*; *Venus* or *Aſtarte* fell in love with him when he was a young ſhepherd, *Et formoſus Oves ad flumina pavit Adonis.* VIRG, Ecl. 10. 18.

Along the ſtreams, his flock *Adonis* fed,
And yet the queen of beauty bleſt his bed. DRYDEN.

He was kill'd by a boar, as ſome relate, and much lamented by the goddeſs, on whoſe account the *Syrians* kept a ſolemn day of mourning every year, when they ſuppos'd the river tinctur'd with his blood. For this *Phenomenon* there is a very plain reaſon giv'n by the naturaliſts.

Hiram, &c.] Firſt book of kings, chap. v. ver. 1. *And* Hiram *King of* Tyre *ſent his ſervants unto* Solomon, &c. *for* Hiram *was ever a lover of* David, ver. 7. *And* Hiram *ſaid, Bleſſed be the Lord this day, who hath given unto* David *a wiſe ſon over this great people.* JOSEPHUS has given a copy of the original letters, which he aſſures us were the ſame that paſs'd between *Solomon* and *Hiram* on this occaſion. *Vide Joſeph.* l. 8. c. 2.

Fix'd in the pure ethereal blaze,
And taught the true JEHOVAH's praiſe:
For this the curious band he choſe,
When SALEM's beauteous temple roſe.
O ſacred SALEM! place of reſt!
O ſhades with heav'nly SCIENCE bleſt!
O GILEAD's health-inducing bow'rs!
Soul-healing balm! ELYSIAN FLOW'RS!
O SION HILL! how lov'd, how ſweet
Where ISRAEL's TRIBES united meet!

Thus, BRETHREN, thus in ALBION's happy iſle,
Where all the graces and the muſes ſmile;
Here in the DOME where meek'd-ey'd VIRTUE reigns,
And MASONRY her *myſtic* rites explains,
The moral page explores, *primeval ſigns*,
Orbits and quadratures, and curved lines,
While *peace* and ſocial *joys* ſerene the day,
Here let us paſs the pleaſing hours away,
O come fair FRIENDSHIP, ever welcome gueſt,
And MIRTH and WIT, to crown the genial feaſt:
But keep out COMUS with his revel train,
The proud, th' unjuſt, the wicked and the vain.

He

The tribes united meet]—Pſ. cxxii. ver. 4. *Whither the tribes go up, the tribes of the Lord.* Their ſocial love is celebrated by the ſame royal pſ. in cxxxiii. ver. 1. *Behold, how good and pleaſant it is, for* BRETHEREN *to dwell together in* UNITY.

Comus]—The God of unruly Mirth and Debauchery.

Honour unblemiſh'd, *Innocence* ſincere,
Stranger alike to *flattery* and *fear*,
A mind from *envy* and *ambition* free,
Loyal and *juſt*, the friend of LIBERTY,
With patriot *virtues* glorious in the cauſe
Of publick *ſafety* and the *chriſtian* laws;
Poliſh'd with *arts*, for active *goodneſs* known,
Humanely preſs'd with *ſorrows* not its own,
To mild *relief*, and ſocial *kindneſs* prone:
The MASON'S HONOURS THESE; to ſuch unfolds
The *myſtic gate*; the ſacred *arbour* holds
Names, which *eternity* with iron pen
Diſtinguiſhes among the ſons of men.

SILENCE, be faithful to conceal
From babbling echo's ear,
What prying fame wou'd fain reveal,
What myriads long to hear.
Truths that the penetrating eye
Of ACADEMUS ne'er cou'd find,
More than the SAMIAN SAGE cou'd ſpy,
Here beam on every MASON's mind.

To mild Relief, &c.] Alluding to the general *charity* at private *committees* and *quarterly communications*, where diſtreſſed brethren of all nations, if well recommended, are relieved according to their Exigencies.

Academus, &c.] The ſchool of *Plato* at *Athens*.

Samian Sage] *Pythagorus* who taught in the kingdom of *Naples*.

Far fam'd LYCEUM's learned bow'rs
And laurel WALKS muſt yield to ours;
In vain ILISSUS, ATTICK ſtream
Compares with ſilver-footed THAME.

Let others airy honours court,
And to the *levies* of the great reſort;
OLYMPIC wreaths with eager mind,
Snatch from the goal, and round their temples bind;
Or for the ſplendid *Indian* ore,
Roam the vaſt ſeas, unable to be poor:

Divine URANIA with her charming voice,
Wakes latent SCIENCE, and confirms our choice;
In ev'ry ſtation let us have
Thy bliſsful *lore*, 'tis all we crave;
Celeſtial wealth alone our hearts can move
With ſweet *content* and *univerſal love*.

The ſon of *David* preſs'd the royal bed,
The gloomy ſhades unveil'd, the darkneſs fled,
The rival forms appear'd:

With

Lyceum] The ſchool of *Ariſtotle*.

Iliſſus] A river by *Athens* where *Socrates* held his converſations.

Olympic wreaths, &c.] The *olympic games* at *Elis* were in the higheſt eſtimation among the *Greeks*; the victors were crown'd with olive branches, *&c.*

With ſounds more pleaſing than the ſofteſt ſtrains
In *Tempe*'s *vale* or fair *Auſonia*'s plains,
An ANGEL's voice was heard.
O SOLOMON, belov'd of HEAVEN!
TO THEE the glorious choice is giv'n,
Of HONOUR in imperial ſway,
Suiting a MONARCH young and gay,
With RICHES, CROWNS, long LIFE, with PLEASURE ſhare:
Behold their SYMBOLS in embodied AIR.

Grand SOV'REIGNTY majeſtic paſs'd along,
Gracefully tall, and beautifully ſtrong,
Her head a white TIARA bound:
RICHES with all her dazling treaſures ſhone,
PHOENICIAN ROBES, the gold-enwoven zone,
And gems in OPHIR's quarries found.
Next HEALTH advanc'd in pleaſing bloom,
And promis'd length of days to come,
With joys ſincere: a VIRGIN mild,
Stepp'd gently on, and ſweetly ſmil'd,
The PLANETS in a forehead-piece ſhe wore,
And in her hands a GLOBE AND COMPASS BORE.

Here then I fix, the MONARCH cries,
If here the grace of WISDOM ſhine;
Willing

Tempe] A pleaſant vale in *Theſſaly*.

Auſonia] An ancient name of *Italy*.

Willing I paſs each earthly prize,
And claim the PALM divine.
O rightly judg'd, the ANGELIC STRANGER ſpoke
(While from his locks ethereal luſtre broke)
O ROYAL YOUTH! whom EMPIRE not inſpir'd,
Nor glitt'ring gain, nor ſpecious glory fir'd;
Since KNOWLEDGE has alone thy heart poſſeſs'd,
Take the GREAT GIFT, and with her all the reſt,
Thee thro' the world ſhall lateſt ages ſing,
THE GREATEST MASON AND THE GREATEST
KING. ODE

This viſion of *Solomon*, with which the ode concludes, is thus related in the 3d chap. of 1 *Kings*, ver. 5. *In* Gibeon *the Lord appeared to* Solomon *in a dream by night, and God ſaid, Aſk what I ſhall give thee. And* Solomon *ſaid, Give thy ſervant an underſtanding heart*, ver. 9. *And the ſpeech pleaſed the Lord—And God ſaid*, ver. 11. *Becauſe thou haſt aſked this, and not long life, nor riches*, &c. *behold I have done according to thy words*; and ver. 13. *I have given thee that which thou haſt not aſked, both riches and honour; ſo that there ſhall not be any among the kings like unto thee, all thy days.*

14 N033

ODE

ON THE

DEATH

OF

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS

FREDERICK PRINCE of WALES.

INSCRIBED TO

GEORGE BOWES, *Esq; of* Gibside,

MEMBER of PARLIAMENT for the COUNTY of *DURHAM.*

Quis desiderio sit pudor aut modus
Tam chari Capitis. HOR. Lib. 1. Od. 24.

BRITISH MUSEUM

ODE

ON THE

DEATH

OF

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS

THE

PRINCE of *WALES*.

WHAT ſable clouds deform the face of day,
Low'ring o'er *Albion*'s ſea-encompaſs'd iſle!
How droops the red-croſs flag, that wont to play
With ſov'reign pomp! nor will old ocean ſmile.
Deep ſighs the venerable dome invade
Where liberty with eloquence preſides:
With gloomy cares proud anguiſh lifts her head,
And, trampling majeſty, in triumph rides.

AUGUSTA mourns:—O heav'n-enraptur'd choir,
Angels and miniſters of grace be nigh;

To

To hymning ſymphonies attune the lyre,
Such as are heard when fav'rite mortals die,
Sooth the fair one's penſive breaſt,
Lull her gentle ſoul to reſt;
Sighs with myſtic numbers charm,
Heart-devouring grief diſarm;
Open with ſeraphic meaſures,
Open your celeſtial treaſures:
Let hope and faith the chriſtian mourner bear
From ſublunary ſcenes above the ſtarry ſphere.

GREATLY diſtreſs'd! ah! ſpare thoſe eyes
That with inceſſant ſtreamlets flow:
While loyal nations ſympathize,
And ſtrive to ſhare thy weighty woe:
Senate's and people's tears combine
To weep their common loſs with thine.
What mouth but ſends the meaning moan?
What heart but anſwers groan for groan?
Each infant tongue is taught to ſay,
"Our country's friend is ſnatch'd away."

And is the hero then no more!
From thee and from our longing ſhore
Torn by th' unſearchable decree
Of *angry heav'n*, and deſtiny?
Ah! when will ſuch a gracious prince appear
Once more with *freedom*'s voice our *iſle* to cheer?

Ah!

Ah! when will ſacred faith and honour find
So uncorrupted, ſo humane a mind?

VIRTUE, AUGUSTA, ſhines ſo bright,
So grac'd with its own native light,
So lifts the gen'rous ſouls above,
In glory's galaxy to move,
The gazing crowd with tranſport eyes
The radiant conſtellations riſe,
And add new beauties to the ſkies.

MUCH in the patriot's honeſt breaſt
Fair virtue's ardour glows confeſt;
Much in his country's voice he lives,
The tomb and *Parian* buſt ſurvives,
Whom no ambitious views could bind,
Whom no ſelf-intereſt confin'd;
The friend and father of mankind.
The muſes labour in his praiſe,
And fill the golden trump of fame;
The grateful nations altars raiſe,
And conſecrate his name.

HENCE fabling *Greece* to patriot kings has giv'n
Olympian ſeats, the demigods of heav'n:
Alcides reſts from all the toils of war,
The pious twins the genial nectar ſhare.
Hence in the fields of *Erebus* below,
Where gloomy *Acheron* and *Lethe* flow,

Sage *Æacus* and *Rhadamanthus* reign,
With *Gnoſſian Minos*, o'er the wide domain.

'Twas night: In viſions rapt I ſtood
Beſide the ſacred *Piſon*'s flood,
Where cherub-guards defend the tree
Of life and immortality;
Where heav'nly pow'rs are pleas'd to ſtray
Amid the fields of pureſt day;
Where gates of adamant unfold,
And lofty columns flame with gold,
And choice of ev'ry coſtly gem
Adorns the *New Jeruſalem.*

Lo! *Britiſh Merlin*, fate-denouncing ſeer,
Inſpir'd to ſing! a wreath of laurel on!
In glory plac'd, the ſolemn ſtrain to hear
Arthur, and *Henry*, and third *Edward*'s ſon!
Hark, hark, th' inchanting muſick floats
In melancholy-pleaſing notes:
Quick to his touch the iv'ry harp rebounds,
And aids his voice with ſweet variety of ſounds.

" Prepare the never-fading bow'r
" (Nigh is the fatal, happy hour)
" Amid yon amaranthine glades,
" Th' inheritance of patriot-ſhades;
" Where blooming ſpring in beauty reigns,
" And gay profuſion paints the plains;

" Where

" Where no polluted ſoul can live,
" The much-lov'd *Britiſh* prince receive
" To all the joys our manſions give."

" HERE eternal ſeats of reſt,
" Chryſtal rocks and ſhining mountains,
" Pearly caves and bliſsful fountains,
" Orient gales of fragrance blowing,
" Fruits and blended bloſſoms growing,
" Vocal vallies ever pleaſing,
" Songs of triumph never ceaſing,
" Welcome in the noble gueſt.
" Prepare, prepare the lucid throne,
" The feſtal robe, th' immortal crown.

" HE comes, of nobleſt ſoul approv'd,
" Too ſoon from *Britain*'s hopes remov'd;
" 'Tis FREDERICK—How will *Albion* mourn
" All-grateful o'er his royal urn,
" As once o'er yours!—O widow'd fair,
" Suppreſs, ſuppreſs the ſwelling tear,
" Nor envy us thy FREDERICK here.
" Th' expecting nation ſhall behold
" Another glorious branch of gold.

THE god-like heroes, as aloft they ſate,
In ſilence mourn'd his too untimely fate,

Their

Their country's woes ſuch feeling move:
Tho', while the ſacred poet ſings,
Attendant angels ſpread their wings,
And brighten all th' ambroſial grove;
Rivers of bliſs there ever flow,
And joys divine for ever glow,
And beatific love.

14 NOV 33

OLYMPIC ODE I.

TO

WILLIAM FENWICK, *Esq;*

Of BYWELL,

HIGH SHERIFF *for the County of* NORTHUMBERLAND.

——*Pulverem Olympicum*
Collegisse juvat. HOR.

BRITISH MUSEUM

*OLYMPIC ODE I.

HAIL! Queens of harmony divine,
Daughters of memory, immortal nine,
Whom th' imperial father owns,
Hymning on your iv'ry thrones,
At the nectar-flowing feasts
Charmers of the heav'nly guests;
O say, what theme will you inspire?
For whom awake the silver lyre?
Olympian nine begin the choice,
Since fame and glory wait upon your voice;
Since rescu'd from oblivion's darkling flood,
The brave, the wise, the gen'rous, and the good,
Are wafted down the rapid tide of time,
Subjects of your flowing rhyme,
With all their living virtues grac'd to shine
The boast and pattern of the noble line.
From *Jove* the song; from *Jove* the muse
Loves her heroes to deduce,

Dic-

---

* The most famous of the *Grecian* games were held at the city of *Olympia*, not far from mount *Olympus*, and give title to those admirable odes of antiquity so well known.

Dictæan king: ſit hence on *Ida*'s height,
Elean nymphs (ſuch was the will of fate)
Conceal'd from * *Cronos*' ſearching eyes
His firſt born ſon, and ſtill'd his infant cries;
The god to this beloved ſtrand,
From rich *Phœnice*'s palmy land,
Transform'd, his beauteous prize convey'd,
Europa, bright *Sidonian* maid,
Agenor's † deareſt care;
Soft-plumed winds with awe reſtrain
The blue ſuffuſion of the main;
Neptune attends them as they ſteer,
And all the Nereids crown'd appear,
In honour of the fair.
Now *Cadmus* vows the princeſs to reſtore,
Europa, to her native ſhore,
Or never, never, ſee it more.
Ah! blind to fate; ah! whom doſt thou purſue?
For thee, ‡ O *Cadmus*, and thy wond'rous crew
(If from the ſerpent's teeth hard mortals grew)

Bæ-

---

* Or *Saturn*. He being reſolv'd to deſtroy his male iſſue, was prevented by his wife *Ops*, who had her ſon *Jupiter* convey'd to mount *Ida*, in *Crete*.

† *Agenor* was king of *Phœnicia*, from whence *Jupiter* ſtole his daughter *Europa*.

‡ *Cadmus* was the brother of *Europa*, and founder of *Thebes*; from whoſe ſowing of ſerpent's teeth ſprang up armed men.

Bæotia waits, great *Thebes* ſhall riſe to fame
And emulate the proudeſt *Grecian* name.
Mean while deſcended of the beauteous bride,
Worthy of their ſire divine,
And the royal *Tyrian* line.
From *Crete* reſolving, o'er the pathleſs ſea,
The adventurous * *Phœnices* ſhape their way
To † *Luſitania*'s famous port;
Nor long they fix their wand'ring court,
Again the vaſt *Atlantic* waves they roam,
And find in *Albion*'s iſle their deſtin'd home.
Behold the force of waſting years!
Now the tall *Cedar* freſh appears,
Tranſplanted from a foreign ſoil,
The grace and glory of the iſle:
In the vale behold it now
Tumbled from the mountain's brow!
Long forgotten, long it lies,
Where the *Celtic* firs ariſe.
Fortune with unconſtant play
The ſhifting ſcene directs;
Thoſe her wheel exalts to-day,
To-morrow ſhe dejects:
The gen'rous mind alone remains the ſame
To boaſt th' immortal ſource from which it came;

* From whence a modern name.

† *Luſitania* or *Portugal*.

Hence in * *Bernicia*'s families we trace
The noble footſteps of a mighty race.
Remember there, O muſe, to wait
At the *Briton*'s well known gate;
Where th' *Olympic* numbers pleaſe,
As in th' illuſtrious halls of *Greece*:
Piſa's † ſhouts again rebound,
Piſa's chiefs again are crown'd,
In mimic triumph and melodious ſound.
The muſe's friend requires the ſtrain,
And meditates the *Olympic* plain;
With ‡ *Theron*'s ſoul he wins the praiſe,
Of patriot, in degenerate days;
Like *Theron* too with care he breeds
The choice of nimble footed ſteeds,
Deſtin'd e'er long to grace their maſter's brow
With peaceful trophies of the olive bough.
Now on the green the anxious crowds appear,
The deep drum beats, the rival ſteeds draw near;
The ſignal is given, the mix'd clamours riſe,
Like loud peals of thunder they rend the blue ſkies;
Like

---

* *Bernicia*, the county of *Northumberland*.

† *Piſa*, the country where *Olympia* ſtood, and where the *Grecian* games were celebrated.

‡ *Theron* was a deſcendant of *Cadmus*. He was king of *Agrigentum* in *Sicily*, and won ſeveral prizes in the *Olympic* games.
Vid. PNID.

Like roes from the mountains the ſwift racers bound,
As o'erflowing torrents devouring the ground;
Now they ſtrain up the hill, and now dip from the ſight
Like twinkling ſtars in a cloud-gather'd night:
Each boſom is thrill'd, and the tumult increas'd,
The waving flag falls, and the tumult is ceas'd.
Mark the auſpicious * hours with white again,
Our friend bears off the honours o'the plain;
E'er *Cynthia* thrice her creſcent has repair'd,
Six times for him has victory declar'd.
Yet, as when *Phœbus* with diurnal ſpeed
Drives thro' the heav'ns the fiery ſteed,
Adown the weſtern hemiſphere;
Still mindful of the greater race,
He keeps mean while his annual pace,
That brings about the year.
Thus, tho' the *Briton* to the cirque reſorts,
Studious of the rural ſports,
And ardent in th' *Equeſtrian* ſtrife;
† Nathleſs with conſtant heat of mind,
To ev'ry act of good inclin'd,
In virtues's heav'nly tract he flies,
Heedfully haſt'ning to the nobleſt prize,
Th' *Olympic* palm, that crowns the race of life.

No

* An expreſſion among the ancient poets, to denote a happy or lucky day.

† Nathleſs, us'd by *Spencer* for nevertheleſs.

No baſe bought titles he purſues,
No fawning courtier apes,
Camelion like, who changes hues
Like *Proteus* changes ſhapes.
Ever himſelf, in honour tried,
Nor too reſerv'd, nor wildly vain,
Hating nought but vice and pride,
And fly corruption's ſtain.
How happy in the green retreat,
Paternal, venerable * ſeat!
Amid the muſe-frequented vale:
(O ever ſacred, lovely dale!)
How pleas'd to ſee his cattle feed,
And rear the ſwift *Arabian* breed!
While peace and harmony his taſte prefers
Before ambitious fame in diſtant wars.
What cruel pow'r made *Rheſus* leave,
His native home for *Ilion*'s plain?
Ah! muſt th' *Aonian* parent grieve,
He for his fatal ſteeds be ſlain?
Terpſichore † the princely *Rheſus* bore
To youthful *Strymon* on the *Thracian* ſhore;
The goddeſs to her lover's arms
Reſign'd her virgin-bluſhing charms,

What

* By the river *Tyne*.

† One of the nine muſes.

What time provok'd by thy diſdainful boaſt,
Son of *Philammon*, to the appointed coaſt,
The nine repair'd, and all thy pride was quell'd,
When fair *Terpſichore* excell'd.
Four milk-white courſers were beſtow'd,
By the * beam-circled *Swinthian* god,
(O doubtful preſent) on her growing boy,
Deſign'd in vain to ſave the tow'rs of *Troy*.
Old *Priam* for the hero ſent,
When thus the ſage prediction went,
If *Reſus'* ſteeds e'er taſte *Scamander's* ſtream,
Troy ſhall be ſafe, her fate depends on them.
But to prevent the *Thracian's* aid,
The blue-ey'd † *Ægis* bearing maid,
Conducts *Ulyſſes* on the bold eſſay,
And *Tydeus'* ſon, ſafe thro' the midnight gloom,
To th' whit'ning tents; the ſteeds are made a prey,
And heav'n born *Rheſus* meets his cruel doom.
Now the ‡ the goddeſs-mother mourns,
Strymon ev'ry tear returns,
Old *Pangæus'* § hill rebounds
Muſically plaintive ſounds;

Wild-

---

* *Apollo.*

† *Minerva.*

‡ *Vid. Euripid.* in *Rheſ.* act 5.

§ In *Thrace.*

Wildly move the groaning trees,
And in new order ſettle by degrees.
For the muſe, with pow'rful pray'rs,
To the dome of * *Dis* repairs,
The ſhade of *Reſus* to regain
From the dreary *Stygian* plain:
Proſerpine allows the boon,
And reſtores the darling ſon.
Chang'd to a demi-god, he views the light
Amid the vale, remote from common ſight,
Pleas'd he views the blooming glade,
Underneath the myrtle ſhade;
Free from dangers, free from cares,
From the hated noiſe of wars;
Pleas'd with roſy health to dwell,
In the vine o'ermantled cell, †
Till time ſhall place him in the bleſt abodes,
To look down on the ſtars, and ſhine among the gods.

---

* Or *Pluto*, huſband of *Proſerpine*.

† Or country ſeat like *B*——, cover'd over with vines.

14 N033

OLYMPIC ODE II.

TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

THE

EARL of *HALLIFAX.*

Illum Fama vehit trans Æquora, tranſque remotas
Tethyos ambages, Atlanteoſque receſſus.
Claudian. in Conſul. Prob. & Olybr.

BRITISH MUSEUM

OLYMPIC ODE II.

IN * *Meroe*, or ſplendid *India*'s coaſt,
Where frugal nature hides the flaming mine,
No gem ſuch ornamental rays can boaſt
Seleƈt amid the golden crown to ſhine;
Nor in the fam'd *Sicilia*'s paſt'ral fields
So ſimply ſweet are heard the *Doric* ſtrains;
Nor † *Arno*'s vale ſuch pleaſing muſic yields,
When *Syren*-voic'd *Corelli* ſoothes the ſwains,
As *Liberty*; O how divinely bright!
Moſt precious benefit of human kind!
Whoſe ſounds harmonious with ſincere delight
And dauntleſs reſolution fill the mind.

THEE firſt our choral hymn remembers, Thee
Divine proteƈtreſs liberty,

* *Meroe*, a part of *Africa*, encompaſs'd by the river *Nile*.

† *Arno*'s vale, in *Tuſcany*.

Whoſe ſhield of adamant ſecures, whoſe ſmile
Delights the ſea-commanding iſle:
Regard'ſt Thou, when thy vot'ries call,
Great queen, amid the feſtive hall?
When uncorrupted voices ſound,
And *Albion*'s good ſucceſs goes round?
Or when the herald loud proclaims
The victor in th' equeſtrian games.
Where jocund *Britons* own thy eaſy ſway,
And ſports and paſtimes meaſure out the day?

O COME and bring the muſe along
Sweet artiſt of the jovial ſong;
With wealth and virtue in thy train
Reviſit ſtill the naval reign;
And while the war's loud thunders ceaſe,
Add pleaſures to the hours of peace.
See thro' the clouds her golden chariot roll?
The wing-ſtretch'd courſers leave the ſtarry pole;
Unfolding æther all the tract illumes,
And * *Hebe* round autumnal airs perfumes;
To fair *Hantonia* ſhe directs her flight
Now annual ſolemnities invite,
Where *Halliſax* obtains the olive prize,
And hears the popular applauding voice.

IN

* *Hebe*, the goddeſs of youth.

In piles of marble ſome their glory place
  Elate; and ſome as impotently ſtrive
By ſhining buſts and monumental braſs
  A length of future ages to ſurvive;
Or proud the venerable canvas ſhow
  (Vaunting their anceſtor's redoubted name)
Where *Tintoret*'s or *Lely*'s colours glow
  Ignobly ſtudious of imputed fame
In vain; nobility (right underſtood)
  Requires of worth a perſonal ſupply;
Virtue alone diſtinguiſhes the blood
  And builds the fabric that can never die.

If more illuſtrious than the *Latian* line,
  The *Naſſau*-ſtar is ſeen to ſhine,
If fair * *Parthenope* can ſtill record
  Hers and † *Venuſia*'s patron lord;
  Time, O ye nymphs, ſhall ne'er prevail,
  And canker'd envy's ſelf ſhall fail,
  The patriot's labours to deface
  Of *Mountague*'s immortal race,
  Whoſe able conduct *William* prov'd,
  Whom ſilver-ſtreaming *Iſis* lov'd,

And

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* *Parthenope*, *Naples* in *Italy*, where *Virgil* much reſided.

† *Venuſia*, the birth-place of *Horace*.

And bade his ever-blooming honours grow,
While letters ſhall be read and *Boyne* ſhall flow.

Nor to the ſire in glory's round
Is *Hallifax* inferior found,
As much he merits fair renown,
(The patriot's and the poet's crown;)
As bright his civic honours ſhine,
And freſh *Olympic* palms entwine.
'Tis your's, my lord, with goodneſs unconfin'd
(Born for your country and for human kind)
In deſart wilds to bid new harveſts grow,
And teach extended commerce where to flow,
Wake o'er the plan that ſets ambition bounds,
And plant th' eternal truth in ſavage grounds.
Such is fair virtue's bent, and ſuch the fires
That education's genial force inſpires.

Beyond the far receſſes of the deep,
Where in the weſt the broad-ey'd ſun deſcends,
And where embay'd th' *Atlantic* ſiſters ſleep,
From world to world your bright'ning fame extends.
Since taught by you their unexperienc'd flight,
The colonies, well ſpar'd from *Britiſh* homes,
Convey in rude canoes, or veſſels tight
Their ſea-ſwept treaſures to the *Sylvan* domes;

* *Acadia*

* *Acadia* ſmiling hears the ſwain rehearſe
The notes of gratitude on happy hills,
And bids her dulcet reeds record the verſe,
Waving beſide the muſky ſmelling rills.

Great *Raleigh* firſt to new *Columbian* lands
Led out his *European* bands
From *Thames* and *Severn*, to promote our trade,
And gratify th' † *Imperial* maid.
Hence the well-ſtock'd *Virginian* ſoil
Reſpondent to the planter's toil,
And ‡ *Norumbega*'s plenteous plain
Compenſate all the mines of *Spain*:
For rich § *Guiana*'s loſs we ſigh,
Yet coral groves that loſs ſupply,
And num'rous iſlands rare to human ſight
To joys of new *Elyſian* fields invite.

O IN green arbours to inhale
The ſweetneſs of the balmy gale,
Where fortunate || *Bermudas* pours
Encreaſe of ſummer-ſwelling flow'rs!

The

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* *Acadia*, or *Nova Scotia*, in *North America*.

† Queen *Elizabeth*.

‡ *New York* in *North America*.

§ A country in the *Terra Firma* of *South America*.

|| Or the ſummer iſlands.

The golden trees with limons glow,
At once the lillied bloſſoms grow,
Copious of nectar conic pines appear,
And one warm ſeaſon beautifies the year,
And freedom reigns—But whither do we ſtray
Of tract regardleſs thro' the wat'ry way?
'Tis time the ſkilful pilot homeward bound
Seek with the *Zephyr*'s *Albion*'s chalky ſound,
Where the *Olympic* wreaths are forc'd to yield
To hapleſs laurels of the bloody field.

Now were the curtains of the night withdrawn,
Aurora from old *Tithon*'s bed aroſe,
Bluſhing ſhe roſe, bright daughter of the dawn,
To view the *Engliſh* flying from the foes;
They fled, the hill-born conqueror purſues,
Threat'ning *Auguſta* with reducing arms,
Where'er loud rumour ſpreads th'important news,
Pale terror ſtalks and multiplies alarms.
So when beneath the glimpſes of the moon
The ſteel-cloth'd ſpectre glances o'er the green,
Each nerve is wither'd with the fancied frown,
And hind to hind improves the dreadful ſcene.

Ah! heav'n-born pity ſpreads the ſable vail,
Britannia's mournful tears conceal;
Let ſilence ev'ry heaving groan ſuppreſs
Of the great parent's new diſtreſs.

Touch

Touch lightly, muſe, the jarring ſtring,
Averſe of civil feuds to ſing.
Ah! whither from th' *Olympic* plain
Sweet peace and concord's jovial train?
Enough, enough, all-gracious heav'n,
To wrath and puniſhment is giv'n;
Plead ſoft-voic'd *mercy* at th' imperial throne
What may for ancient crimes and modern vice atone.

TH' antagoniſts for peaceful fame,
Each gen'rous youth, each honour'd name,
Again were met, intent to trace
The circuit of the duſty race;
Th' *Arabian* ſteeds prepar'd to run,
When thus the gallant chief begun.
* Ceaſe, *Britons*, ceaſe the ſports—to deadly fray
Invading *Gallia* calls our ſteeds away.
And thinks ſhe then with force or faithleſs guile
To ſap the ſtrong foundations of our iſle?
As *Polypheme* preſerv'd his royal gueſt
To fall a later victim than the reſt,
Thus *L*—*s* means, whate'er pretence is made;
And ruins thoſe his promiſes perſuade.

FROM your empyreal ſeats ye bleſt look down,
Plantagenets and *Tudors*, ancient kings;
Will

* See his lordſhip's ſpeech in the *Gentleman's Magazine*.

Will you the brave-deſcended people own
When *ſloth* or vile *corruption* ſlav'ry brings?
Ah, who the faithful annals ſhall rehearſe,
And living water from the fountain draw?
Or who ſhall modulate recording verſe,
When tyranny ſhall keep the muſe in awe?
O friends! O liberty! O ſea-girt iſle!
O once more, emulous of *Anna*'s reign,
Let treach'rous *Gallia* mark your glorious toil,
And *Gerion* tremble in the bow'rs of *Spain*.

He ſaid; and down the boaſted branch he threw
Which for *Olympic* honours grew;
The charm was done, the death-like ſilence broke
That chain'd the audience while he ſpoke.
Loud-tongu'd the crowd in hurry ſwarms,
And ſounds to arms, to arms, to arms.
So when amid the blue ſerene
The ſmiles of ſummer months are ſeen,
The rack of heav'n ſtands ſtill, the beams
Of *Sol* deſcend in glad'ning gleams;
Sudden the bolt divides the air,
The wide-aſſembling ranks appear
Impetuous ruſhing; claps repeated riſe,
And ſounds of diſcord echo thro' the ſkies.
'Twere ſafer far with gilded bribes
To captivate ſome venal tribes,

Than

Than rouſe the maſters of the ſeas
From thirty ſluggiſh years of peace.
Marſeilles bemoans her ruin'd trade,
Iberian viſits are repaid,
The liquid ſcenes with hoſtile blood beſmear'd
Declare them from intruding rapine clear'd,
So when the *lion* ſlumbers in the ſhade,
If prowling wolves the foreſt-walks invade
While the chac'd *ſubject mutilated* flies,
And calls for *juſtice* with complaining voice,
He wakes to *ire*, he ſcow'rs the troubled plain,
And nobly vindicates the *Sylvan* reign.

14 NOV 33

SOLYMÆAN ODE I.

INSCRIBED TO

THOMAS DAVISON, *Esq*;

Of BLAKISTON,

In the COUNTY *of* DURHAM.

—— *Sanctos ausus recludere Fontes,* VIRG.

BRITISH MUSEUM

* *SOLYMÆAN* ODE I.

† HENCE ye profane! — Our grave and
ſolemn ſong
Far off, far off excludes the vulgar throng,
That wanton in the world's alluring way;
And in the mazy path of error ſtray;
But you whom fair *devotion* charms,
Whoſe breaſt the heav'nly wiſdom warms,
Amid the hallow'd courts draw near
With awe, th' uncommon numbers hear;
While tuneful youths eſſay to ſing,
And virgins to the trembling ſtring
Their gladſome voices join:
Begin—from *Paleſtina*'s plain
Deduce the pleaſurable ſtrain,
From ancient *Carmel*'s ſacred ſtreams
Abhorrent of deluſive dreams,
Where

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* *Solymæan.* So call'd from *Solyma*, or *Jeruſalem*, where the ſacred originals were written, that are moſtly imitated in theſe Odes.

† Hence ye prophane. HOR. Od. 1. Lib. 3.

1. *Odi profanum Vulgus & arceo;*
Favete linguis; Carmina non prius
Audita, Muſarum Sacerdos
Virginibus, Puerisque canto.

Where pure *religion*'s fountain flows,
And ſweet vivific draughts beſtows,
And harmony divine.

SEE, in the vale the fiery * car attends,
My ſoul with eager haſte aſcends,
And heav'n-ward ſhe directs her flight,
Where in the bliſsful fields of light
Th' angelic hierarchy above,
Smit with the extaſies of love,
Have ſtrung their golden harps to lays
Of gladneſs and triumphal praiſe.
Hail! holy one, the ſeraphs cry,
The cherubims aloud reply
Hail! holy one: In earth and heav'n
To him be praiſe and glory giv'n;
Rehearſe it in the joyful ſongs,
Salvation to our God belongs,
All wiſdom, as his only right,
Dominion, majeſty and might,
Aſcribe to him that fills the radiant throne,
Th' eternal Holy One.

YE everlaſting doors unfold,
Where is the king of glory, where?
Give me his preſence to behold,
His wonders to declare.

O may

* Fiery car, alluding to the aſcenſion of *Elijah* to heaven.

O may I ſearch the ſtarry plains
Where ſpirits of the juſt are crown'd;
Where never-failing grandeur reigns
And circling joys abound!
But hold—nor with preſuming flight
Too near attempt to pry,
Thou can'ſt not yet endure the light
That flames amid the ſky.
On gently-waving wing deſcend,
Or flick'ring in mid air depend,
Nor ceaſe at diſtance to admire
And roving praiſe th' almighty ſire.

ON *Sion*'s hill the ſwelling chords,
And praiſeful hymns become the Lord of Lords;
In all the glitt'ring liſt of fame
With his, what king's or laurel'd hero's name,
With him, what god ſhall dare contend?
Like *Dagon*, all ye gods before him bend.
Among the nations of mankind
* To ſceptre-bearing monarchs are aſſign'd

Au-

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* To ſceptre-bearing monarchs. HOR. Od. 1. Lib. 3.
Regum timendorum in proprios Greges,
Reges in ipſos imperium eſt Jovis,
Clari Giganteo Triumpho,
Cuncta Supercilio moventis.

Authority and ſov'reign ſway,
The ſubject tribes hear, tremble, and obey;
To him, theſe potentates below,
Such fear and heedful homage owe;
The reins of their proud hearts he guides,
No veiling cloud of horror hides
Their deep and ſecret counſels;—his broad eye,
More piercing than the ſolar rays,
All ſcenes of human life ſurveys,
His eye diſtinguiſhes the good,
And makes enquiry into blood,
Rapine, and heathen rage, and cruelty,
As many waters riſing in a mound
Break o'er the beach with heart-diſmaying ſound.
Such, or more dreadful was the voice
When great *Jehovah* ſpoke;
His voice the wilderneſs of *Cades* ſhook,
And *Lebanon's* tall cedars broke;
Ten thouſand thunders playing all around,
Deform'd the beauty of the ſkies,
As rumbling thro' the clear profound
The forky vengeance growl'd.
O ſay, ye heav'ns, amid the extenſive fire,
O earth, how terrible the Almighty's ire?
Beneath his flaming chariot rowl'd,
Vapour, and gath'ring cloud, and curling ſmoke.

The

The mountains trembling to their inmoſt baſe
Bow down before his awful face;
Backward the ſtreams are ſeen to turn,
The rivers to their fountain—urn,
The green-wav'd ocean with amazement roars
Thro' all his deeps, confounding all his ſhores.
But you, O houſe of *Iſrael*, truſt
In him, all-gracious, merciful, and juſt,
Whoſe out-ſtretch'd arm repels invading foes,
And heals with heav'nly balm afflicting woes.
Whether the raging ſtar on high
Darts thro' the glowing, ſickly ſky,
Contagious beams, and ſcorching breath,
Fraught with the violence of death,
And in the field, and at the ſtall,
The groaning ox and heifer fall;
Whether dire earthquakes heaving up the ground,
Strive to diſcloſe the hid profound,
And threaten deſolation all around;
Or if inclement months reſtrain
The former and the latter rain,
And mildneſs of æthereal dews
To the faint, thirſty fields refuſe;
Altho' the fig-tree, void of bloſſoms, fails
To promiſe ſweetneſs to the ſighing vales;
Our hills deny the nectar of the vine,
And oil to chear the human face divine;

Still ſhall my ſoul remember to adore
Thy majeſty and ſalutary pow'r;
Thee, Saviour, thee, our hymning choir ſhall praiſe,
With ever-grateful, never-ceaſing lays.

14 N063

SO-

SOLTMÆAN ODE II.

INSCRIBED

To the RIGHT HONOURABLE

LORD WIDDRINGTON.

Sic poſitæ quoniam ſuaves miſcetis odores.

VIRG.

BRITISH MUSEUM

SOLYMÆAN ODE II.

I.

AWAKE, awake, imperial *Salem* riſe,
City of *David* with high turrets crown'd,
Regardful of the votive ſacrifice,
And the decreed ſolemnity of ſound;
While at the altar, from the golden vaſe,
The ritual libation's duly pour'd,
And all th' attendants of the holy place,
Worſhip before the univerſal Lord;
Let the mix'd crowd and princes of the land,
With *Jeſſe*'s race, the oil-anointed line,
In the Moſt * Higheſt's preſence—chamber ſtand,
Splendid with faith, on *Sion*'s hill divine.

II.

HEAR'ST thou, † *Salathiel*, from thy green retreat,
Where muſick's pow'rs have fix'd their ſylvan ſeat,
Along the mountain's ſhady brow?
Where

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* The Moſt Higheſt. An expreſſion taken from the common verſion of the pſalms.

† *Salathiel*. The chief ſinger on the ten-ſtring'd inſtruments.

Where angels haunt the chryſtal ſprings,
Bright viſions ſpread their ſilver wings,
The ſpirit's influence inſpires
Warm fury and prophetic fires,
And gives the varied notes to flow
Lenient of cares and melancholy woe.
Muſing in hallow'd arbours near,
Ye laurel'd ſons of *Aſaph* hear,
Experienc'd artiſts, tuneful band,
On whoſe enthuſiaſtic voice, and weeping hand,
The heart-felt pleaſures of devotion wait;
What time amid th' aſſembly you advance,
Preluding to the ceremonial dance,
In glad proceſſion at the beauteous gate,

III.

DAUGHTERS of *Judah* come along,
Graceful to ſhape the ſolemn ſong,
Each tribe ſelected maid;
Who love the vine-ſurrounding dale,
And charm the groves of *Arnon*'s vale
Beneath the palmy ſhade:
White rob'd, the olive branches wear,
With flow'rs adorn your plaited hair,
And with the timbrel's amiable air,
Hail the new-moon's great holiday:

'Tis

'Tis your's with chaſteſt feet to tread
The temple's courts, and hymning lead
The joyous pomp—the purple dawn is
ſpread,
Harmonious virgins haſte away.

IV.

AND thou, my heav'n-devoted lyre,
Await the venerable choir,
Not laſt with vocal chord to raiſe
The ſocial ſymphony of praiſe,
And when the publick vows are heard,
In beauteous holineſs preferr'd,
Pow'rful to mix with glowing pray'r
Sweet incenſe thro' the fragrant air,
And wing the charming voice of love
Up to the mercy-ſeat above.
Thy *Ariel* calls aloud to bring
The wildly-warbling ſilver ſtring;
Indulge, O lyre, the feſtive throng,
And aid the *Solymæan* ſong.

V.

O GENTLY pour the ſoothing lay
In accents eloquent to move,
Attemp'ring meaſures ſoft and gay,
To tender mercy, tender love.

Ye

Ye winds that thro' the liquid regions blow,
To your aerial priſons calmly go,
Or to the gloom of ſilence ſink below;
While temp'rate zeal, in peaceful mood,
With awful throbbings ſhakes the crowd,
And from the gates of heav'n appear
Bright ſeraphs bending down to hear.
Hark! the mellow flutes beſtow
Melting muſick, ſweetly flow.

VI.

Now wake the trumpet, till the ſwelling ſound
From the ſpir'd tow'rs and vaulted roofs rebound
In undulation to the hills around;
Shrill echo the rocks all among,
To the chorus intent to reply,
The wide-flowing notes ſhall prolong,
The notes of ſalvation and joy.
Loud peals of harmony aſcend,
The jubilating numbers rend
The ſpace of liquid ſkies;
Jehovah bleſt! I hear, I hear,
Jehovah bleſt! Creator dear,
Rejoins the hymning voice.

VII.

VII.

Jehovah reigns; let earth from pole to pole
Exult in genial circulating ſmiles,
Thro' all the lands to *Sol*'s deſcending goal,
And all the multitude of ſea-girt iſles.
Lord of infinity, with honour crown'd,
Sublime he ſits in majeſty divine,
With light, as with a garment folded round,
The blazing beams with cloudleſs glory ſhine.
The ſpangled heav'ns like curtains wide he ſpreads,
And for his footſtool bends the mountains heads;
The deep abyſs, thro' all its burning lakes,
Owns his dread pow'r, and with its centre ſhakes.

VIII.

Now by the everlaſting bow'rs,
Where ſtreams of joy and pleaſure flow,
Thrones, dominations, princedoms, pow'rs,
Before the holy mountain bow;
By the inviſible, exalted ſcene
Above all worlds, ineffably ſerene,
For ear has never heard, nor tongue can tell
What myſteries and mighty wonders dwell
Within the far receſs;
Not *Gabriel*, nor the great arch-angel's ſelf can gueſs!

By the ambroſial locks that ſhed
Effulgence pure as from its ſpring,
The nod that fills all heav'n with dread,
When ruſhing fates obey their king,
The preſence that enchants the glorious choir,
And makes his miniſters a flame of fire;

IX.

And by the all-commanding voice
That ſilenc'd diſcord's jarring noiſe,
In the beginning order'd forth
The form of nature into birth,
Illum'd the ſun and ſtars on high,
And launch'd amid the liquid ſky
The muſically-moving ſpheres,
To lead the round of whirling years;
That knit the ſolid globe below,
And gave the gather'd waves to flow,
Preſcribing out the bounding ſhore,
(Tho' angry oceans foam and roar,)
Of monarchies and empires; mark'd the end,
So long to laſt, ſo powerful to extend:

X.

Now by the mighty and outſtretched hand
That from the woes of *Miſraim*'s cruel land,

(Signs

(Signs and wonders ſtill increaſing,
Cries and vengeance never ceaſing,
Locuſts all the herbage waſting,
Hail and fire the harveſt blaſting,
Plagues and peſtilence prevailing,
Hardeſt hearts with horror failing,)
To *Erythræan* ſeas the choſen led;
The aſtoniſh'd ſeas beheld the guide and fled:
When in the pillar'd cloud by day,
And with the moon's returning ſway,
In flames before the ranſom'd hoſt,
He march'd along the devious coaſt,
Struck, for his weary wand'ring flocks,
Freſh waters from the flinty rocks,
His fainting fam'ly to ſuſtain
ſhowr'd manna on the deſart plain.
Furious behind came on the *Memphian* foes,
The hurrying waves a ſandy path diſcloſe;
Like chryſtal walls the ſtiff'ning ſurges ſtand
Iſrael's defence on either hand:
Till the purſuers, inſolent and vain,
Enter the deep, down drops the claſhing main,
Rolling huge billows o'er the faithleſs train.

XI.

Great God, who rul'ſt the ſtarry ſphere,
Thy votaries propitious hear,

With

With bleſſings crown the ſupplicating voice,
And in thy glory let thy ſaints rejoice;
Unveil the beauty of thy beams,
And viſit with thy genial gleams,
The vine thou gav'ſt with large increaſe to grow
In regions that with milk and honey flow,
The vine thy own right hand did plant
Beſide the water-ſprings ſecure,
With thy unfailing covenant
The ſtock for ever ſhou'd endure:
O all our borders grant to ſhare
Mildneſs of heaven and ſeaſons fair:
Speak to thy heritage the words of peace,
And bid each adverſe gale and tumult ceaſe.

XII.

So ſhall thy choſen people raiſe
Loud *Hallelujahs* in thy ſacred fame,
And give thee thanks in ſolemn lays
For all thy mercies to the ſons of men.
Father Omnipotent, all hail!
Be thou thro' all thy wondrous works ador'd,
On ſhady hill, in pleaſant vale,
Creator, ſource of being, gracious Lord:
Redeemer hail, and hail again
Thou Holy One of *Iſrael*, King of Kings;
Thee with our firſt, and lateſt ſtrain,
Ritely we praiſe, and ſhake the ſounding ſtrings.

14 NOV

THE

THE

SECOND VISION

OF

MIRZA.

Of the PREVALENCE of

VIRTUE and VICE.

To Mrs FENWICK,

OF

BYWELL.

——*Ubi non eſt Pudor,*
Nec cura Juris, Sanctitas, Pietas, Fides,
Inſtabile Regnum eſt.

SENEC. *Thyeſt.*

BRITISH MUSEUM

THE

SECOND VISION

OF

*MIRZA.**

WHEN the warm ſeaſon op'd the golden ſcene,
Wide-waving harveſt, and a ſky ſerene,
Faſt by the banks where *Tigris'* waters ſtray,
I *Mirza* took my ſolitary way.

Much

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* Mr *Addiſon*, in the 2d volume of *The Spectators*, N° 159, has given us an incomparable viſion in the *oriental* ſtile, under the feign'd perſon of *Mirza*; a ſeries of ſuch pieces, under the ſaid name, he promis'd to continue to his readers, but (for what reaſon is not known) proceeded no further in the deſign. The author of the two following viſions thought ſuch imaginary ſcenes wou'd be no diſagreeable entertainment to people of ſenſe, delicacy, and judgment. The firſt viſion (which was written by Mr *Addiſon*, and mentioned above) was intended to have been done into verſe and inſerted in its place in this volume before theſe two. But the author being inform'd by a friend, that it was already verſified by the late duke of *Wharton*, choſe to refer the reader to his grace's *Poſthumous Works*, publiſhed in two volumes.

Much of th' unhappy ſtate of human things,
Toſs'd with ambition and the pride of kings,
Th' abuſe of riches, and the glare of pow'r
Haſting to ſet from its meridian hour,
The canker of corruption, ſtain of vice,
And whence the ſprings of publick ruin riſe,
Much I revolv'd, with pity to mankind,
Too prone to evil, to the future blind.

How charming 'twas to tread the painted fields,
And view the riches ſplendid ſummer yields!
The walk how grateful, where the proſpect blends,
Flocks, meadows, gardens, and with turrets ends!
While induſtry points with becoming pride,
Where the arch riſes and the navies ride;
Smiling proſperity on ev'ry hand
Proclaims the bleſſings of a peaceful land:
The cluſt'ring vintage there in ranks appears,
And there her crowded buildings *Bagdat* rears.
Thy *Moſchs*, O *Bagdat*, where the beamy blaze
Reflected from a hundred creſcents plays,
Thy warlike ſtrength and grandeur I admir'd,
With patriot piety, and rapture fir'd.

HAIL happy *Phœnix!* beautiful and young,
From thy fam'd parent's ſmoking aſhes ſprung!
To faithful Muſſelmen with empire giv'n,
The fav'rites of our prophet and of heav'n;

O may'ſt thou long to virtue's paths incline,
Long keep the bleſſings of kind *Alha* thine.

THE broad-ey'd ſun, bright regent of the day,
Southing advanc'd, and ſhot a ſultry ray:
(The fiery lion ſent his ſcorching breath,
And gaſping nature labour'd underneath)
Along the winding vale my ſteps were led,
The winding vale, profuſe of cooling ſhade,
While riſing zephyr gentle murmurs brings,
And whiſpers float on fancy's filmy wings.
Now the thick foliage of the cedars ſhook,
Myrtles and platanes nodded o'er the brook;
A ſudden gloom my ſtartled thoughts employ'd,
Brown horrors flitting thro' the ſhadowy void;
Strange noiſes indiſtinct increas'd my cares,
And muſick warbling in melodious airs.
'Tis ſaid, the *Genies* here their *Vigils* keep,
Where the ſlow rills thro' matted verdure creep;
To choral notes they form the airy ring,
And ſport and revel by the ſacred ſpring.

THRICE I had touch'd the purifying ſtream,
And thrice invok'd aloud great *Alha*'s name,
When (ſtrange to tell) a blaſt with ſweeping ſway
Lifted in air and hurried me away,
Swift as imagination's rapid flight,
Or ruddy morning's dawning ſtreaks of light,

My courſe I meaſure, and in ſafety plac'd,
Beheld before me a dank diſmal waſte,
Where genial ſpring ne'er wakes the varied flow'rs,
Nor yellow autumn his abundance pours,
Where lowing herds ne'er tempt the faithleſs plains,
Nor mellow pipe is heard of jocund ſwains,
But dreary ſwamps, and moſſy bogs are ſeen,
And fens o'ermantled with a living green;
The cough and cormorant infeſt the weeds,
The noiſy bitterns ſhake the murky reeds,
The greedy ſtorks along the broad lake's ſide
In watry willows, or the bull-ruſh hide:
Near hand the rubbiſh of long ruin'd domes,
Forgotten palaces, and broken tombs,
Afford the ſcreech-owl her ill-omen'd ſeat,
And darkling bats and vipers a retreat.

THERE once old *Babylon* (the ſpot I knew)
With conqueſt crown'd, the head of nations grew;
In pompous majeſty exalted high,
Tow'ring her roofs that ſeem'd to mate the ſky,
Shining ſhe ſtood, with half mankind's applauſe,
And bade the world take notice of her laws.
How is ſhe alter'd from the radiant ſcene!
How fall'n, how fall'n, the oriental queen!
No more her numerous brazen gates reſound,
No more her hanging terraces are found;

Her

Her walls of brick, *Euphrate*'s ancient boaſt,
The wonder of *Semiramis* is loſt.

How juſt the doom, that vermin now ſhou'd hold
Their neſts where human vipers reign'd of old?
Ye nations tremble at th'avenging rod,
And learn ye tyrants not to ſcorn your God:
Learn, princes, learn by that diſjected tow'r,
The fall from virtue is the fall from pow'r;
Empire without it like a bubble flies,
The tempeſts come, it breaks, it falls, it dies;
Dreadful diſtreſs in hurricanes deſcends,
The people's wickedneſs in ruin ends.
Say, whence, O whence, ungrateful race of men,
Such plagues are kindled, and ſuch miſchiefs reign?
Why flies fair *Wiſdom* from the palace gate,
Where *Indolence*, or ſad *Oppreſſion* wait?
Say, why the cup, to man in bounty given,
To poiſon turn'd, perverts the will of heav'n.

SUCH ſerious muſings had my boſom fill'd,
Religion warm'd, or wild amazement chill'd;
Again I prais'd wiſe providence's care,
And for my country pour'd the ſolemn pray'r:
When winding to the left, and homeward bound,
The marſh avoiding for the firmer ground,

Di-

Diſtinguiſh'd Harbingers at diſtance ſeen,
Footmen and horſemen poſting o'er the green,
A num'rous equipage, a laurel'd crew,
And regal pomp, my freſh attention drew.
The ſmoking chariot whirls before my ſight,
With myſtic characters in beams of light
Emblazon'd fair: with poliſh'd yellow glow
The ſides and axis; an irradiate row
Of ſilver ſpokes diverſifies the ſhow.
Such thro' his courſe, old *Ethnic* authors ſay,
In heav'n ſupports their fab'lous god of day;
And ſuch as his, each golden-harneſt ſteed
Seems not of mortal, but ethereal breed,
While with their ſplendid hoofs the plain they ſcour,
And living flames from their hard noſtrils pour.

THE foremoſt ſhape, that in the car appears,
The ſemblance of a lovely matron bears,
Graceful ſhe ſits, and in her features ſhine
Immortal health and majeſty divine,
Delight and pleaſure from her ſmiles ariſe,
And modeſt ſweetneſs glances from her eyes,
Neat without art, ineffably ſerene,
A perfect beauty, and a matchleſs Queen.

HER handmaids plac'd on either ſide diſcloſe
Inferior graces from the country choſe;

The

The one a gay ſimplicity became,
A roſy bluſh o'er-ſpread the ſecond dame.
Thus in the promis'd fields, ſays ſacred ſong,
Fair * *Fatima* in ſplendour moves along,
Celeſtial † *Houries* to the ſpring or ſhade
(Each ever-ſpotleſs, ever-blooming maid)
Attend the princeſs thro' the happy place,
And charm the eye with everlaſting grace.

WHAT cou'd I think? No mortal viſage there
(For never mortal nymph was half ſo fair)
My mind cou'd own: O! I began to cry,
What angels have deſcended from the ſky?
O! on whate'er momentous errand ſent,
May gracious heav'n felicitate th' event.
Thus I: but what was my ſurprize to find
Another object, of the female kind,
Cloſe by my ſide; a milk-white palfry bore
The ſmiling virgin, who a creſcent wore,
Graſs-green her habit, with a girdle bound,
On which *Arabic* characters I found.
Mirza, ſhe ſaid, (for I had fall'n along)
Mirza ariſe, adoring us is wrong.

But

---

* Fair *Fatima*, the daughter of *Mahomet*.

† The virgins of *Paradiſe*, that dwell with each faithful (*Maſſulman*) *Mahometan*, deceaſed.

But ſay, of yon bright chariot on the plain,
The beauteous lady and her varied train,
What are thy thoughts? or muſt the ſcene be told?
Mark then, O Muſſulman, while I unfold.

THE queen adorn'd with ſofteſt rays of light
Is heart-enchanting *Virtue*, heav'nly bright,
So good, ſo gracious, beautiful and mild,
All nature at her happy nuptials ſmil'd;
For the *Eternal Word* ſo lov'd the fair,
His ſpouſe he nam'd her, and peculiar care.
One of her handmaids on the right from hence
Is *Truth*, that looks the pureſt innocence:
The other to the left, with downcaſt eyes,
Is *Modeſty*; e'n now the bluſhes riſe.
Hard-handed *Induſtry* as footman ran,
And *Vigilance* and *Valour* in the van.
Mirth in the rear, and *Jollity* beſtrode
Their poſting ſteeds; and *Riches* gayly rode.
Honour his titles gorgeouſly diſplay'd
With all the colours of the herald's trade,
The golden ſceptre, Gem-beſpangled crown,
The purple robe and the imperial throne.
Then glory paſs'd, the foaming courſers drew
Her car triumphal further from thy view;
Tho' hardly patient of ſuperior ſway,
" She follows ſtill where virtue leads the way ;"

She

She ſhakes her flaming locks, the ſparkles flow,
And leave bright traces on the plain below.
Fame ever watchful, ſpreads her pinions nigh
The auguſt dame, and lifts her voice on high,
Her trump reſounding, hark! reſounding ſtill,
The noiſy echoes all the valley fill.

AND now appears advancing o'er the green
Virtue's fair daughter *Peace*, of gentle mein,
A *cornu-copia* mix'd profuſion pours
Nectareous fruits and aromatic flow'rs,
Peace waves her olive-branch, and ſometimes heaves
With joyous countenance the golden ſheaves;
Peace, that delights man's ripen'd hopes to bring,
Leads the glad hours, and brightens up the ſpring.
Behold *Content*, the ſecond daughter there,
With ſettled look, and eaſy flowing air,
So plain, ſo meek, with *Freedom* oft ſhe dwells
In humble cottages and hermits cells.
Next view the rural dame, intent to rove
Thro' fragrant meadows and the leafy grove,
O'er craggy mountains urge her pathleſs way,
And crop the prickly hawthorn's whit'ning ſpray;
Auſpicious *Health!* tormenting fevers fly
At her approach, and noiſome vapours die;
She ſtrings the nerves to meet the martial ſtrife,
And adds a reliſh to the dregs of life.

Pleaſure

Pleaſure, the youngeſt, now completes the ſhow,
Pleaſure, the name for happineſs below.

THESE are thy iſſue, *Virtue*, royal bride,
Nor were their charms to happy man denied;
The ſons of God, mankind's primæval race,
Beheld the nymphs, and flew to their embrace,
Marriage on all his choiceſt bleſſings ſhed;
Of form divine the colonies were ſpread.
Then was the golden age; the unfurrow'd plain
Spontaneous yielded up her bearded grain,
Wildings and ſylvan fruits the heroes fill'd,
And ſweets that from the hollow'd oaks diſtill'd.
Beneath the hoſpitable roof each gueſt
Enters ſecure, and ſhares the homely feaſt:
Not yet o'erbearing pride and rapine reign'd,
Nor byaſs'd juſtice ling'ring ſutes maintain'd,
No poiſon'd darts, or pointed blades were known,
And death at diſtance crept but ſlowly on.
Behold that ſhadowy form; how freſh appears
The bearded patriarch of five hundred years!
The ſmiling generations, all his race,
With juſt obſervance wait his ſolemn pace.
How joyful all the ſcene, ſince virtue paſs'd!
What pity, ſuch, it cou'd not ever laſt!

Now on damp wings the cloudy vapours riſe,
The blue miſts thicken and involve the ſkies,

The

The groaning winds break forth with hollow ſound,
And rumbling thunders ſhake the ſolid ground:
With interrupted ſongs the feather'd choir,
Trembling and flutt'ring to their neſts retire;
Complaining herds with noiſy lowings fill
The vale, or ſeek the caverns of the hill;
The hill, the foreſt, leave the diſtant ſight,
And all the proſpect leſſens into night.

SAD prelude this of man's unhappy fate,
And nature changing from her priſtin ſtate;
What evils come! (too late ſo underſtood)
To mix their bitter potions with the good!
Theſe accents from the creſcent-bearer broke,
Fair light returning as the virgin ſpoke,
The miſts clear'd up, nor winds, nor thunders roar'd,
And mild ſerenity the day reſtor'd.

ANOTHER company in haſte appear'd,
When ſprightly notes and merriment was heard;
A glitt'ring glare they caſt, and on the road
Collected flow'rs and ſweet perfumes were ſtrow'd.
Before the chariot (thus the nymph explains)
Light *Wit* advanc'd, and gambol'd o'er the plains,
With gingling bells his antick tricks he play'd,
And pointed to the feathers on his head.

Befotted laughter the pert fool purſu'd,
And ſhook his ſwelling ſides and ſquall'd aloud;
Heavy-eye'd *Ignorance* in raptures hung
To catch the ſallies of the babbler's tongue;
While *Faſhion* ſpread his liv'ry to the ſun,
Perk'd up his head, and ſung, and danc'd, and run.

THE prancing ſteeds with cloth of gold were grac'd,
Gay gilded reins, and ribbons nicely plac'd;
To harmony the myſtic chariot roll'd,
Bright diamonds added to the ſolid gold,
Proudly it flam'd; a lofty lady ſate
In rich apparel and majeſtic ſtate.
With ſmiles enticing and purſuing eyes
She ſtrives to make the race of men her prize,
Bewitching beauty dignifies her face
With ſpecious features and attracting grace:
'Tis daubing all; to the diſcerning few
Her ſquallid leproſy appears in view.
Roſes and myrtle boughs her temples bound,
But ugly thorns amid the wreath are found.
Such then is *Vice*, whoſe fatal arts have hurl'd
Severe misfortunes on a groaning world.

LYING, her handmaid, helps the gaudy ſhow,
Dreſt in the colours of the varied bow,

Stu-

Studious ſhe ſeems of artificial grace,
And often moves the patches on her face.
Looſe *Impudence* the other ſeat has fill'd,
In coquetry and *lydian* meaſures ſkill'd,
She ſtares around her, and in looſe array
Affects her heaving boſom to diſplay.
Ah! direful ſight! th' infernal fire ſupplies
Their burning charms, and death is in their eyes.

So when for heavy crimes offended heav'n
The ſtern decree of puniſhment has giv'n,
The ſtar malignant plays her fatal part,
Splendid her baneful Influence to dart,
With *Plague* and *Peſtilence* at her command
She ſhines deſtruction on the guilty land.

OBSERVE her train, *Diſeaſes* follow cloſe,
And *Shame* and *Penury*, tormenting woes;
Unmanly *Fear* comes on with vain alarms,
And *Weakneſs* labours with unweildy arms;
The *Furies* hiſſing run, and toſs their ſnakes,
And glory in the cries *Repentance* makes;
See thoſe mad youths, how deſp'rate and how blind
To follow *Vice*, when *Ruin* ſtalks behind!

FIRST to the earth this inauſpicious dame,
And horrid maids, with fallen angels came.

Old

Old Time eſpous'd her in an evil hour,
To whom four daughters like herſelf ſhe bore;
See, here they come: *Ambition* lifts her eye
Sharp as an eagle, and affects the ſky.
With flatt'ring mirrors hung on either ſide
This ſelf-admirer ſits, her name is *Pride*.
Soft *Luxury* in languid poſture leans;
That look impatience of the journey means.
Her ſullied robe in looſe diſorder ſpread,
Morpheian poppies nodding o'er her head,
Sloth follows laſt, not leaſt in evil vers'd,
By helliſh *Ate*, the black Genie nurs'd:
So firm their friendſhip, where the one abides,
Too ſure the other comes with haſty ſtrides.
Theſe too the ſons of God with love inſpir'd,
Beheld, and ev'ry artful charm admir'd;
Love led them on theſe ladies to eſpouſe,
Hell's horrors witneſs'd their connubial vows,
Earth to her poles and inmoſt centre ſhook,
Inclin'd her axis, and new ſeaſons took.
Then fraud, and avarice, and guilt began,
And man firſt grew an enemy to man;
Then firſt the tribes in cities were immur'd
By the ſtrong rampart and the ditch ſecur'd;
Invention ſet on foot the gainful trades,
And horrid war produc'd the ſhining blades;

Death

Death ſtrides apace, diſtempers fly before,
The meagre fiend, and fierce contentions roar.

FROM ſuch unhappy mixture of mankind,
What wonder with the colonies to find
O'er the wide earth the root of evil ſpread?
The ſtreams corrupted from the fountain's head?
Men by contrary diſpoſitions ſhow
To whom their diff'rent origin they owe.
Where *Virtue*'s race in governments prevails,
Fair *Faith* preſides and *Juſtice* lifts her ſcales,
Valour maintains proſperity and peace,
And lib'ral plenty gives her full increaſe.
The brood of *Vice* by other rules proceeds,
And for the ruler's faults the people bleeds;
Or mix'd with ſlothful ſlaves the valiant fall,
And univerſal ruin ſwallows all.

So when the Huſbandman with eager toil,
Has mark'd the furrows, and ſubdu'd the ſoil,
The pearly grain he ſows, and big with hope,
Retiring meditates the future crop;
If chance his lurking enemy prepares,
A plenteous mixture of perplexing tares
Hid in the ſhades of night; the weeds aſpire,
Choak the ſound corn, and light one common fire.

THE charmer ſpoke; with reverence I hung
On ev'ry accent of her heav'nly tongue:

THE

A pauſe enſu'd awhile, I turn'd my eyes
As waking from a dream: what new ſurprize!
The fair was vaniſh'd, and before me ſtood
The tow'ring honours of the ſhady wood;
The clear rill murmurs at my feet below,
There *Bagdat* ſhines, and *Tigris'* waters flow.

THUS, Madam, have I ſung on *Britiſh* plains
The moral meaning of *Chaldæan* ſtrains,
What ſtriking hints the noble *Mirza* gave
To wake his people, and a nation ſave,
To warn mankind from *Error*'s thorny way,
And where ſoft *Luxury* and *Vice* betray,
Leſt by the ſmoothneſs tempted from the ſhore,
They plunge into the deep to riſe no more.
O may *Britannia* heed the meſſage ſent
To the proud realms of *Aſia*'s continent;
Conſider what ſupports or ſhakes a throne,
By what dire means great ſtates were overthrown,
Or roſe to fame—and make the caſe her own;
Till her brave ſons by warlike labours ſhow
How freedom tow'rs above the vaunting foe;
To manly ſtudies may they all be giv'n,
And not unmindful of the gifts of heav'n;
And may her daughters look with juſt diſdain
On fooliſh *Faſhion*, and on *Folly*'s train,
(The charms of *Virtue* clearly underſtood)
And all, like *you*, be prudent, fair and good.

THE

THE

THIRD VISION

OF

MIRZA.

THE

BOW'R *of* BEAUTY

AND

VANITY *of the* WORLD.

To Mrs BOWES,

OF

GYBSIDE.

——— *Sic tranſit Gloria Mundi.*
Igneus eſt illis Vigor, & Cæleſtis Origo.

VIRG.

BRITISH MUSEUM

THE

THIRD VISION

OF

MIRZA.

IN *Gybſide*'s walks and wide-extended groves,
With pleaſure heav'nly contemplation roves,
And points me out from yonder ſloping hill
To view the *Darwent*'s murmur-ſpreading rill,
Meand'ring thro' the vale's romantic grounds;
A ſplendid rock the lowly proſpect bounds:
A loft the venerable foreſt bends,
The viſta's open and the fane aſcends.
Here in the labyrinths of artful greens,
Flow'r-painted lawns and ſolitary ſcenes,
Beneath the ſhade of broad-projecting trees,
Catching the coolneſs of the fanning breeze,
With rapid heat when *Sirius* rules the day,
To ſit and meditate the ſylvan lay,
Or ſudden-ſoaring from the paſt'ral plains
Try ſhort excurſions in the lyric ſtrains

The whiſp'ring muſe invites; till twilight call
My ſteps regreſſive to the friendly hall,
Where more refin'd the charming muſic floats,
The fair improving *Handel*'s happy notes.
The rambling lark thus warbles all day long,
But ev'ning claims ſweet *Philomela*'s ſong.

BLEAK winter now deſcends in ſnowy flakes,
And nitrous froſts congeal the glaſſy lakes;
Pendant on boughs ſharp iſicles appear,
Delightleſs proſpect of th' inverted year,
And *Boreas* blows; but leſs ſevere the blaſt
Than that which late to pale *Britannia* paſt,
When *Denmark*'s groans for great *Louiſa* dead,
Alarming news! were thro' the ocean ſpread,
And all the wat'ry world in ſtorms expreſs'd
This new misfortune added to the reſt;
Dire train of griefs! whoſe ſable cloud extends
Beyond our ſhores, enveloping our friends.
Merciful heav'n! when will thy vengeful hand
Forbear to puniſh this ungrateful land?
How ſoon to *Frederick*'s ever-honour'd urn,
Whom ev'ry muſe has mourn'd, and ſtill ſhall mourn,
Unerring fate the ſiſter-queen decreed
In life's determin'd period to ſucceed!

Now both admire the bliſsful ſeats above,
Regions of Sanctity, of peace, and love,

And

And ſcarce attend to ſublunary things,
The ſighs of nations, and the tears of kings.
Yet, oh! in heav'n's high court, illuſtrious pair,
For theſe lov'd kingdoms, pour the force of pray'r;
For ſure you bleſt them with your lateſt breath,
Nor can the paſſion be ſubdu'd by death.

AW'D with the thought, on fancy's wary wing
(Conſcious to whom the moral verſe I ſing)
Th' ideal world I ſearch intent to ſhow
The vanity of vanities below.
Of *Time* and *Death*, O *Bowes*, the triumphs hear;
You have no cauſe, *Old Time*, or *Death* to fear,
Or ſtart at *Mirza*'s oriental flight;
Virtue is eagle-ey'd and bears the light.

WHAT time returning from the fiery ſign,
The braſs-hoof'd ſteeds prepare to croſs the line,
When with the arbitreſs of ſwelling tides
The king of ſtars his ſov'reignty divides,
With temp'rate heat and cold regales the year,
And gives full harveſt's honours to appear;
I took my walk, as chance or pleaſure guides,
Eaſtward along the mountain's ſloping ſides
Unthoughtful of the way; the channel'd plain,
And plenty's golden treaſures entertain.

IN

IN this bleſt ſeaſon ancient ſeers have thought
Great *Alha* form'd this univerſe of nought.
Mature in beauty nature thus array'd,
The burſting light her glorious pomp diſplay'd,
More glorious ſtill where by all-bounteous heav'n
To man the ſeats of paradiſe were giv'n,
There to the left (on earth no longer found)
Short time was trod the angel-haunted ground.
I turn'd me with a ſigh; the drizly dew
Empearl'd the graſs, the damp air cooler grew,
Backward I ſought the town; the wood-land lay
Perplex'd with gloomy paths acroſs the way.

'TWAS now the hour, when the broad lamp of light,
Almoſt expiring on the verge of night,
Extends the ſhadows in the chryſtal lake,
From the brown alder and the thorny brake;
The vapour-loaded clouds with golden glow
Diverſify the hemiſphere below;
The dropping leaves are toſs'd in liquid rings,
And wayward bats eſſay their leathern wings.

WHERE grew ſome aged oaks, that long had ſtood
The primitive *Patricians* of the wood,
And with aſpiring ſhrubs and hazles mix'd
Embowr'd and hid the hollow way betwixt,

The

The way that enters on the lawny plain,
Inclining weſtward to the ſhaded lane;
Forth iſſuing at the vent with doubtful light,
What uncouth pageants pour'd upon my ſight!
I heſitating ſtood, and ſaw appear
The ſable mourners and emblazon'd bier,
The ſteeds of ſtate expreſſive honours bore
In black'ning rows; four heralds march'd before.

In ſuch a place, aw'd with the ſilent ſcene,
I aſk'd, what might the ſad appearance mean,
A mourning * mollah ſtrait in courteous wiſe
Approaching nearer, thus in brief replies.
Son of the faithful, know, the royal fair
Late † *Thebet*'s joy and boaſt is carried there;
Obedient to ‡ *Azrael*'s ſtern command
We travel thus to § *Mecca*'s holy land.
He ſaid, and paſs'd; the ſolemn ſhow withdrew
Behind the hedge for ever from my view.

What ſhe? herſelf? [I murm'ring thus exclaim'd]
Throughout the eaſt for ſuch perfection fam'd?

Or

---

* Mollah, a mahometan prieſt.

† *Thebet*, a kingdom of the *Tartars*.

‡ *Azrael*, the angel of death, according to the eaſtern nations.

§ *Mecca*, the famous city of *Arabia*, much frequented by pilgrims, who go to viſit the impoſtor mahomet's tomb there.

Or is't illuſion? or with pious care
The viſionary habitants of air
Pay their laſt duty? for they ſeem'd above
The common ſize, and vaniſh'd from the grove.
While to the fields of bliſs the ſhade deſcends,
And *Michael* in æthereal robes attends;
The genies have in charge the corpſe to lay
Where the great dead await the final day.

'Tis ſo; farewel, thou ornament of thine,
Laſt, brighteſt promiſe of the royal line,
Zaïde, farewel; in whom was ſeen to meet
All that was amiable, good, and great;
Since manly ſenſe with female ſweetneſs join'd,
A charming grace of form, an angel's mind,
The king's affectionate and tender care,
The holy derviſe's concerted pray'r,
Th' admiring nation's bleſſings cou'd not ſave,
The queen, the ſaint, the beauty from the grave.

What's life? a ſtep to dark oblivion's lake,
A tale ſoon told, a dream of one awake,
Vapour of ſmoke that ſcarce to riſe is ſeen,
Or ſhadow flitting o'er the painted green.
What's majeſty? a glaring brittle toy,
That ev'ry blaſt of fortune can deſtroy;
And death's neceſſity impartial waits
At the low cottage, or the palace gates.

What's

What's beauty? 'tis a pleaſure-painted flow'r,
Gliſt'ning in charms, the glory of an hour,
That in the ſpring-tide morning opens fair,
Not patient of the breath of nipping air;
How ſoon, alas! it fades! to let us know
We underſtand not what we prize below,
That, like the whirling world, its glories run,
And all is vanity beneath the ſun.

THUS deep-immers'd in melancholy thought,
Fallacious of the way, the town I ſought,
Nor, when the ſilent hours of night had ſpread
Their opiate clouds around my pillow'd head,
My mind the day-paſt images cou'd loſe,
And ſolemn now theſe ſhadowy ſcenes aroſe.

ALONE, methought, I ſtood with wand'ring eye,
And ſaw all paradiſe before me lie,
Th' adjoining eminence ſuch beauties ſhow'd,
So repreſenting *Adam*'s firſt abode:
Four rivers iſſu'd from a fuller vein,
Deſcending diverſe to the ſacred plain;
There *Piſon* ſeems to boaſt his glitt'ring ſand,
And gold and onyx blaze along the ſtrand;
Gihon * remembers to renew his way
Thro' *Cuſh* meand'ring to the ſouthern ſea;

As-

* *Gihon*, *Gen.* ii. 8.

Aſſyrian Hiddekel unboſoms clear
His ſacred ſtream; *Euphrates* paſſes here.
Bleſt rivers, conſcious of the heav'nly grove!
Till guilt was known, and *Eden* loſt for love.
Raſh to hard cenſure, with impatience blind,
How did I blame the mother of mankind!
O fatal fair! by ſelf-preſuming pride,
From happineſs how eaſily decoy'd!
O hadſt thou ſhun'd the fate-forbidden tree,
Nor violated heav'n's ſupreme decree,
Old age and dire diſeaſe had ne'er aſſail'd
The race of men, nor death itſelf prevail'd,
Nor ſin, death's parent, forc'd 'em to forego
Theſe plains of pleaſure for a world of woe.

BUT where now waves the flaming ſword of fate,
Midway obſtructive at th' eternal gate?
Where are the miniſters of light that guard
The fruit of life, the * muſſulman's reward?
For cherubim's one ſolitary ſprite
Scarce ſeen at firſt, improv'd upon the ſight;
Her dreſs variety of colours ſhow'd,
With eaſy negligence her mantle flow'd,
Her ſhifting pace and ſelf-admiring look
The female levity of temper ſpoke.

* Muſſulman, a mahometan.

A TREE there was, it ſeem'd of aſpen-kind,
Trembling its leaves without a blaſt of wind,
Spacious and tall the virid branches ſpread,
And hemlocks flouriſh'd in the heavy ſhade;
Their infant flight here young ideas prov'd,
And thro' the boughs in quick ſucceſſion mov'd,
On each broad leaf the ſlender atoms hung,
Returning ſome while others upwards ſprung;
In gay diſport they form'd the airy round,
Nor cou'd the niceſt ear imbibe the ſound.
So gentle ſwains in ſome ſweet ev'ning's cloſe,
When with glad ſuns the ſummer ſeaſon glows,
Marks the ſmall tribes amid the ſolar ray
Where tiny gnats conclude their only day;
All huſh'd they float, and mix, and flap their wings
(Sign of fair op'ning dawn) in mazy rings.

THE female form with lightly-ſkimming pace
Advanc'd, and beck'ning with affected grace,
Come on, ſaid ſhe, and view the pleaſant fields
Where nature all her ſweet profuſion yields.
This herb ſhall purify the viſual ſtream
And ſtring the nerves to bear the brighter beam;
Secure beneath my tutelary care
No charm ſhall wait thy ſteps, no ſecret ſnare;
I am *Phantaſia*, an auſpicious name,
For acts of courteſy well known to fame;

'Tis I the viſionary's breaſt inſpire
With ſolemn rapture and prophetic fire,
To ſlumb'ring prieſts hold forth the view of gain,
To ſtateſmen battling navies on the main,
And to the purling brook and myrtle ſhade
Conduct the lover, or the pining maid.
This ſpoke; her antic geſtures ſhe renew'd,
And ſmiling turn'd, nor further ſpeech enſu'd:
And now the iv'ry gates unfolding wide,
I enter'd in, the phantom was the guide.

As when the ſhiv'ring ghoſt conducted o'er
The lake of darkneſs to th' eternal ſhore,
Emerging into light the ſtranger deems
The ſkimming objects viſionary dreams,
New to the world where wonders entertain,
He gazes round, and doubts to tread the plain,
With awe the heav'nly modulation hears,
Till faith or *Gabriel* diſſipates his fears.
Thus I, o'erpow'r'd, in fix'd attention ſtood,
Or heſitating, ſlow and ſilent trod
Th' enamel'd ſcenes, admiring all along,
Not without harmony and pleaſing ſong.
What monuments of art and nature riſe!
'Tis rapture all, and change of glad ſurprize.
Enchanting pleaſures ev'ry where abound,
And gaiety and grandeur reign around.

Tri-

Triumphal arches grace the ſilver-ſquare,
The monumental trophies nod in air;
Superb jetteaus with hiſſing waters play,
That falling chide the chryſtals in the way,
And ſweetly murm'ring on thro' ſylvan ſcenes
Suſtain the luſtre of the living greens.
Aloft the boughs in many a gallant row
Flame with a vaſt magnificence of ſhow,
Where by the ſtreams the precious fruits unfold,
And burſting bloſſoms ripen into gold;
The ſtreams, the broad canals reflect the grove,
The nether ſplendor vies with that above.

A GLADE there was beyond the ſhining ſquare,
Diverſified from ſuch expenſive glare,
With images for eaſier charms admir'd,
Leſſen'd with grace, like majeſty retir'd,
Here ſpring pours laviſh forth her flow'ry ſtore,
And nature revels on the bliſsful ſhore;
More bright than day her genial ſmiles appear
Beneficent to beautify the year.
The zephyrs from their moiſt'ned wings diffuſe
The balmy ſweetneſs of mellifluous dews;
From roſe, from woodbine, drops the ſweet perfume,
And airs of fragrance float from bloom to bloom.

WHERE ſuch enamel'd ſcenes attract my eyes,
More wond'rous objects heighten my ſurprize,

As

As buſy bees their waxen cells forſake,
And haunt the meadows by the ſilent lake,
Explore the buds, and tread the lowly thyme,
Rejoicing in the year's nectareous prime:
Thus from their domes with ſudden murmur ſprings
A little ſwarm on little ſilken wings;
Like ſmiling youths they ſeem, of ſuch a race
As trip thro' fairy-land with fairy-grace:
The childiſh crowd come ſailing down the breeze,
Perch on the flow'rs, and flutter on the trees;
Behind, in azure quivers we behold
Like ſtings, the piercing arrows tipp'd with gold,
They twang their bows, and ſhoot acroſs the glade,
And ſport and neſtle in the myrtle-ſhade.
Flatt'ry and affectation ſqueak aloud,
And tuneful echoes languiſh in the wood;
Aſpiring gales with gentle murmur blow,
Soft ſighs, and tender vows, and wiſhes flow.

STRUCK with a louder din, I turn around
And view a multitude with chaplets crown'd;
To various exerciſe the young and gay
Devote the gladſome hours of ſport and play.
Sometimes the ſound of ſoothing ſerenades,
Or maſking gambols the wide walk invades;
Sometimes the car's rough rumbling wheels prevail,
And pomp and pageantry diſtrub the dale.

AND

AND now a troop of nymphs with bounding pace
In ranks come tripping o'er the matted graſs,
The lute and tabret warbling all along
In prelude to their amiable ſong,
The verdure ſcarcely bends beneath their feet,
And the gay chorus ſings, O life is ſweet!
Their flowing robes of various modes are ſeen,
And various colours, azure, red, or green;
All ſuch peculiar diff'rent graces boaſt,
'Tis hard to judge, what beauty pleaſes moſt.

A HUNDRED knights come ſtrutting on behind,
Ribbons and feathers flutt'ring in the wind;
Some ſerious turbands wear, of theſe a few,
Of * *Franks* a num'rous, vain, embroider'd crew,
Like butterflies expand their mealy wings,
Dull, ſlender, worthleſs, ordinary things.
Nor are there wanting with theſe gaudy wights,
A ſet of noble-looking, hardy knights;
Some crown'd with olives, ſome with bays advance,
Graſp the learn'd rolls, or ſhake the ſolid lance.

MY guide now beckon'd to purſue the train
Along the alley and the ſpreading plain.

What

* *Franks*, the fops of chriſtendom.

What ſad complaints, what vaunting joys are heard!
Till now at hand the ſloping mount appear'd,
And on the ſummit beauty's roſy bow'r,
Fit reſidence of plenty, peace, and pow'r.

HERE ſtation'd guard two dreadful dragons keep,
And but when charm'd, incapable of ſleep,
Freſh flames they ſeem to dart at ev'ry breath,
Tho' harmleſs to the herbage underneath;
As hideous ſeem amid the trees above,
Dire harpies clanging in the ſacred grove.

THE bow'r of beauty to the view preſents
Variety of precious ornaments;
Not * *Iran*'s bards extravagant of thought,
In fabulous romances ever brought
Such ſcenes to view, ſuch gay and grand deſigns,
Tho' giant genies labour in their lines,
Not tho' the *Taliſmans* in magic iſles,
Or ſeal of *Solomon* adorn the piles.
Sublime on *Hyacinthian* pillars rais'd
The golden roof with added emeralds blaz'd,
The yellow topaz and red ruby there
Mingle their colours in the glowing air,
Tho' waving poplars ſpread their leafy green,
And jeſſamine and ivy intervene.

For

* *Iran*, the modern name for *Perſia*.

For windows large carbunckles gave the light
A thouſand ways refracted to the ſight,
And on each ſide whatever image falls,
It multiplies along the chryſtal walls.
Unfolding *Agate* was the ſpacious door,
And *Amethiſts* and *Jaſper* pav'd the floor.

THREE nymphs inhabit the ſurprizing place
Awful in charms, with more than mortal grace,
Exalted on her throne, in ſplendid ſtate,
Full in the midſt the queen of beauty ſate.
A gold-enwoven ceſtus cloſe embrac'd
(So bards have call'd the zone) her ſlender waiſt;
So efficacious were the ſigils made,
Nor men, nor genies, dar'd the nymph invade.
With what variety of art expreſs'd
Embroider'd figures degorate her veſt!
There you might ſee in ruddy colours drawn
The virgin bluſhes of the modeſt dawn;
Here in a tinct of radiance you deſcry
Superior glories of the ſouthern ſky;
A lucid purple curtain in the weſt
Juſt ſerves to hide the weary ſun at reſt;
And ſilver planets andthe glimm'ring light
Of fair fac'd *Cynthia* figure out the night.
Here variegated clouds the welkin ſhow,
In azure waves old ocean rolls below;

There

There fowls are ſeen, and with this goodly ball
Earth turret-crown'd; for beauty governs all.

AN iv'ry chair ſupports another dame
Of ſtrange appearance; *Fortune* is her name.
With ſmiles to beauty's queen ſhe ſits inclin'd,
And ſeeming ſatisfaction, tho' ſhe's blind;
Proud that ſhe has ſuch bounties to beſtow,
That courts to her their wealth and grandeur owe,
That ev'n the charms of beauty's ſelf improve
By her, and kindle brighter flames of love.
Wings from her ſhoulders mantling fall behind
Which oft ſhe flutters with a fanning wind;
Her footſtool is a globe from *China* brought,
The various empires of the world inwrought.

JUST oppoſite, in flowing ſilks array'd,
With looſſen'd locks, behold a taller maid,
With bloated countenance and prying eyes,
And mark'd with ears above the common ſize.
A myſtick tablet on her breaſt ſhe wore,
And in her hand a ſilver trumpet bore,
Wings too ſhe had, and riſing on her toe
She ſeems impatient and intent to go;
She ſmiles with *Fortune*, minion of her pow'r,
Nor more obſerves the miſtreſs of the bow'r,
Now to her lips the *clarion* ſhe applies,
On ev'ry ſide loud acclamations riſe,

The

The ſilver-ſounds ſo charm in ev'ry note
Fair ambient æther brightens as they float;
Echo well pleas'd reverberates the lays,
And hills and dales reſound with beauty's praiſe.

BUT, ha! what ſudden change? what tumult near
With grating ſounds afflicts th' unwilling ear
See, fickle fortune with averted face
Has ſpread her pinions and forſook the place;
The ſwelling ſtrains at her departure fail,
And tempeſts overpow'r the ſpicy gale;
The ſweet-voic'd birds all ſilence keep within,
While hoarſe rooks croak, and ugly ſatyrs grin;
Like magpies chatt'ring on the velvet ſward,
Detraction, calumny, and ſpite are heard;
With all her ſnakes foul envy crawls along,
And flying fame improves her hiſſing ſong;
The guards like other guards and ſlaves of pay,
Follow the turning tide and ſlink away.
Struck with ſurprize and dread the royal fair
Around her looks with melancholy air,
A ſickly paleneſs ſteals upon her face
And ev'ry blooming bluſh forſakes its place.

FAR to the left a deep'ning valley lay
Where complicated ſhades exclude the day,

Eben and baneful ewe and cypreſs drear,
Rue, aconite, and poppies flouriſh here;
No vernal revellers on boughs rejoice,
Only the ſcreech owl's lamentable voice
Adds horror to the gloom; at either end
Two pitchy clouds their ſtagnant ſmoke extend,
Like curtains to the dreary ſcene in view,
Which now the hand of hoary time withdrew.

HE comes; the famous lock who does not know,
That on his forehead never ceas'd to grow?
Behind, the baldneſs of his head appears
Expreſſive of the ſire's great length of years;
Yet ſuch his ſtrength, with unreſiſted ſway
He ſweeps before him all things in the way;
He brandiſhes his ſcythe with edge ſo keen
As quickly alters all the radient ſcene;
Like froſty boreas where the tyrant moves
He nips the full-blown honours of the groves,
From bloom to bloom, from ſpray to widow'd ſpray
The deſolation marks its waſting way:
The blighted graſs, the roſe's painted prime
In with'ring harveſts feel the tread of time;
At his approach no monuments can ſtand,
The proud, expenſive labours of the land,
Triumphal trophies nodding to their fall
Scarce leave the ruins of a mould'ring wall;

Down

Down comes the column, ſhatter'd from its baſe,
The boaſtful lines no longer find a place,
That promis'd (O falſe flattery and vain!)
The grand memorial ever ſhou'd remain.

WHAT then can ſave from ſuch reſiſtleſs pow'r
The precious ornaments of beauty's bow'r?
Of all the ſplendid dome and coſtly pains
No figur'd piece, no ſhining tract remains.

THUS have I ſeen, where purling rills deſcend
And craggy rocks above the wave impend,
When nitrous force the dropping dews reſtrains,
And binds the fountain-nymph in chryſtal chains,
Pellucid ſtructures riſe, in various mould,
Exhauſting art, and beauteous ſchemes unfold
Of workmanſhip divine; the ſolar rays
Mingle from gem to gem a glorious blaze:
Sudden the thaw comes on with ſwift decay,
And all the frail creation drops away.

NOW our bright dame the grieſly fiend diſarms
Of all her gaiety and youthful charms;
Her haggard face is plow'd with wrinkling years,
And down her cheeks diſtill the rheumy tears,
Her teeth drop out; a tawny colour'd ſkin
Covers her mumbling jaws and lengthen'd chin;

The

The palſy ſhakes her head; her ſhoulders grow
Lumpiſh, and bend her body like a bow.
Is this the queen of beauty then? I ſaid,
Such the adorable, celeſtial maid?
Thy flame, fond lover, in this glaſs ſurvey,
And here, vain beauties, look your pride away.

AND now behold, with lagging ſtrides came on
The figure of a rattling ſkeleton;
With face averted *Sol* withdraws his light,
And nature ſickens at the horrid ſight,
The late fair princeſs falls; his pointed dart
(Unconquerable fiend) had reach'd her heart.
I fled, and wiſh'd the wings of th' eaſtern wind
And ſcarce had courage to look once behind;
O ſave me, ſave me, from this phantom, *Death*,
I ran and cried, till almoſt out of breath.

BUT mild *Phantaſia* ſoon with accents clear
Recall'd my footſteps, and repell'd my fear;
Mirza, th' occaſion no ſuch flutt'ring needs,
Fly not, thou ſhalt not die, thy fate forbids.
Turn then and ſee, how all that charm'd before,
Beauty and pomp and pleaſure are no more;
No longer may'ſt thou view the roſy bow'r,
The ſplendid walks, the cloud-affecting tow'r,
The glare of wealth, magnificence of coſt,
And all the vanity of grandeur's loſt.

THUS

THUS far, no farther, *Time* and *Death* are crown'd
With ſure ſucceſs, and conquer'd all they found;
The voice that taught the billows where to flow,
Said to theſe fiends, ſo far your pow'r ſhall go,
Your triumphs o'er all earthly things extend,
But with the momentary beings end.

KNOW, Muſſulman, (nor with ſad thoughts repine)
All thou haſt ſeen with pleaſure here to ſhine
Were but the ſhadows of the bliſs divine,
When in the ruſhy pool or fountain clear
Thou view'ſt the ſpangles of the hemiſphere,
And midſt the broad expanſe of bending ſkies
The night's fair regent clad in glory riſe;
If the dire ſtorm from *Caucaſus* invades
The blue ſerenity with gloomy ſhades,
The fading ſtars loſe all their ſparkling fires
And *Cynthia*'s ſelf in liquid clouds expires.

SAY then, O *Mirza*, think'ſt thou all is gone
That lately with ſuch pleaſing luſtre ſhone?
Did all the planets periſh with their queen
What time they vaniſh'd in the wat'ry ſcene?
Lift up thy mind; on yon ethereal plain
Secure, unſullied the fair flocks remain;

The

The faint reſemblances the ſtorm o'ercame,
The bright originals are ſtill the ſame
Behind the cloud, with unremitting flame.

AND now come on, when paſt yon craggy mound
And wilderneſs, we'll tread the bliſsful ground
Where glittering realities are found:
Ev'n all the grandeur thou haſt ſeen before
Nobly enhanc'd each fountain, gem, and flow'r,
The groves, the garden, and the ſplendid bow'r.
Unfading *Beauty* here is known to reign
Bright miſtreſs of the fortunate domain:
Here ſhe ſecure in her exiſtence ſmiles,
Tho' roaring billows ſwallow up the iſles,
Tho' elemental fire the nations burn
And ruſhing worlds to ancient chaos turn;
When nature's works ſhall like a curtain fail,
Her bloom beyond all ages ſhall prevail.

AT length the mountain's airy height we gain,
And thro' the thorny thicket to the plain
Deſcending, all things in like order view'd
As in the former paradiſe had ſtood,
Excepting evil; for no evil here,
Nor ſin's pollutions in the place appear;
Himſelf, the ſun of glory ne'er declines
That on theſe fields with bleſt effulgence ſhines,

For

For quiver'd cupids on the ſhady plain
The ſmiling cherubs ſport, a lovely train,
Miniſt'ring ſpirits *hallelujahs* ſing
To heav'ns inviſible, eternal king;
Fair *Zaïde* too was ſeen: for now the pow'r
(A brighter miſtreſs of a brighter bow'r)
That ſat enthron'd, here call'd her to her ſide,
For ever here, for ever to abide.

In charming majeſty behold the dame
True queen of beauty; (*Pſyche* is her name)
Wiſdom and *Sanctity* her boſom-friends
Are ſeated near, and at her feet attends:
Fortune her ſlave, nor fickle now, nor vain;
And *Fame* ne'er changing her triumphant ſtrain.

But now the grieſly fiends approaching near
Cloſe by the bounding brook, renew'd my fear;
Once more I fancied all the golden plain
And palace waſted, and fair *Pſyche* ſlain,
That all wou'd vaniſh like the former pride,
Till with a ſmile admoniſh'd by my guide.

Time at a diſtance ſent his dreadful frown
Full at the bow'r, nor brought one pillar down,
Nor with diminiſh'd charms the lady ſhone;
Rather her face more amiable ſhows,
And ev'ry ornament more graceful grows,

The

The birds ſtill modulate the ſpritely lay,
And not one pile of graſs is ſeen decay.

NEXT came the charnel'd ſpectre to the ſhore,
Grim *Death*; (no paſſage was allow'd them o'er)
He ſhook his dart and levell'd at the fair,
The dart dropt blunted from repelling air;
Again his force he try'd, and yet again
His ſtrength was weakneſs, all his efforts vain;
At laſt with ſhameful diſappointment fir'd,
Both turn'd their backs, and angrily retir'd.

14 N063

THE

THE PROGRESS *of* MAN.

IN TWO

EPISTLES

TO A

CLERGYMAN.

——— *Diviſum ſic breve fiet opus.*

T

BRITISH MUSEUM

*EPISTLE I.

THRO' all the various paths of life below,
How is the ſcene diverſified with woe!
Whether we wiſely walk, or wildly roam,
How weary at our journey's end we come!
'Tis vain, dear friend, a change of lot to crave,
We're all uneaſy on this ſide the grave.
'Tis hard, you think, to live like you retir'd,
A man with learning fraught, with genius fir'd,
Fix'd in a corner of the northern coaſt
To all the joys of converſation loſt;
'Tis hard; but while with melancholy air
You blow your tube, and fill your elbow chair,
Inſtead of news, pray liſten to our ſong;
Like your own ſermons, 'tis not over long.

MAN not contented with the ſtation giv'n
Repines reluctant to the will of heav'n.
Shall fortune change her flight? you have your will,
Your wiſh will alter, you're unhappy ſtill.
Something is always wanting to our joys,
That ſomething wanting all the reſt deſtroys.

What

* Theſe two Epiſtles were formerly publiſh'd in the *Gentleman's Magazine*.

What ſeeks the painful wanderer abroad,
Danger'd on ſeas, and fainting on the road?
The chief that burns with fierce ambition's fires?
The youth that languiſhing to ſhades retires?
Thee, *Happineſs*, for thee the merchant flies,
For thee, the warriour fights, the lover ſighs;
Thee ev'ry where, and always in our view,
We ſnatch deluded, and in vain purſue;
Th' enchanted queen, whoſe bow'r our hopes invade,
Remains with *Eden*'s abdicated ſhade.
So weary travellers in ſoothing dreams
See chryſtal fountains and fantaſtic ſtreams;
With eager guſt whole rivulets they drain,
But waking find their burning thirſt remain.

WHEN Life, now young, a riſing ſun diſplays,
And ſpritely enters on the circling race;
Love leads the way, for all things yield to love;
The youth exults on the ſmooth way to rove:
Now with big hope elate he ſees the fair,
The glitt'ring object of his deepeſt care.
Panting with extacy at ev'ry glance
See him purſuing thro' a fairy dance
Of flatt'ring hope, of jealouſy and fear,
His all, his wiſh, his happineſs in her;
While the gay idol, which his ſoul deſires
Breathes other vows, and burns with other fires,

As

As hopeleſs for another youth deplores
As he who dying at her feet adores.

ALL pow'rful love! when to thy empire won,
To what extremes our wav'ring paſſions run!
As where the venom of dire *Febris* reigns,
Glows thro' the frame, and rankles in the veins,
A ſudden winter ſtiffens ev'ry pore,
And now the veſſels freeze that burn'd before:
So 'tis in love; thro' fancy's glaſs ſurvey'd
What beams are darted from the charming maid:
Poſſeſs'd, how ſoon the beauty diſappears!
The lover's perjur'd, and the maid's in tears.
Can happineſs in guilty paſſions laſt?
Will not repentance bitter the repaſt?
Sin, tho' adorn'd with colours apt to move,
Like *Sodom*'s fruit will bitter aſhes prove.

BUT ſay, exempted from the common fate,
Thy virtuous love unmingled with deceit,
Bleſt with a nymph whoſe charms are ever gay,
Bleſt with an ardour never to decay,
Divine *Celinda* as the turtle true,
And marriage op'ning in the brighteſt view;
Suppoſe all this, and let reflection prove
What ſad allays attend ev'n lawful love.
Thy freedom barter'd for a pleaſing chain,
New cares require a double load of pain.

Thy

Thy tender infants, eloquent to move,
Call for the duties of paternal love;
To thee the wants of thy lov'd conſort call,
Wants numberleſs—for who can tell 'em all?
Bleak winter now with coughs and agues ſcares,
And now the ragings of the ſummer ſtars;
A thouſand dangers on thy boys attend,
Nor with their deaths will cares and ſorrows end:
Their dear remembrance on the boſom preys,
And haunts the tedious remnant of thy days.
Man, fooliſh man, whatever ſcenes in view
Flies but old troubles in eſpouſing new;
Bent to the grave at laſt he owns, nor here,
Nor was, alas! the flatt'ring phantom there:
No, 'tis in vain, each prudent artifice
In vain, on earth, wou'd man arrive at bliſs.
What then, are monarchs on their thrones unbleſt?
Nor courts and palaces the ſeats of reſt?
Can't gold and diadems content beſtow?
What is there to diſturb the glaring ſhow?
Care loves within the gilded roof to dwell,
And makes the proudeſt breaſt his pompous cell,
Preſſes with heavy weight the ſplendid crown,
And reſtleſs makes the thrice-driv'n bed of down.
In midnight revels ſhall we ſearch for joys?
In the beau-monde, cock-matches, ſhops of toys?
Shall we the breaſts of knaviſh cits explore?
The ſoldier's honour, and the miſer's ſtore?

The

The temple-chambers, politician's chair?
'Twere ſtrange, O heav'n! if happineſs were there.
More joys are his, whom frugal fates allow
To tame laborious oxen to the plow,
Unſtain'd with vice, nor with ambition blown,
This man muſt certainly be bleſt or none.
But now unkindly ſhow'rs infeſt the crops
And harveſts riſe ungrateful to his hopes,
Or ſickly heats from beamy *Sirius* fall,
And death purſues the heifer to the ſtall.
The wretch exclaims; when ſhall my evils ceaſe?
No, 'tis not thine, to tread the world in peace.
The ſullen hermit, who the world deceives,
In hope enjoys a better than he leaves;
But ſtill 'tis hope, the harbour far away,
And now he doubts, and now he dares the ſea.
Ah! why ſo far away? and muſt mankind
So long be driv'n a ſport to ev'ry wind?
Why heaves the boſom with a riſing ſigh?
Why drops the pendant ſorrow from the eye?
Why glows with vain deſire the throbbing heart,
Deſponds in anguiſh and bewails the ſmart?
Now mock'd with hope, now tortur'd with deſpair?
If life's an evil, is no refuge near?
Ah! 'tis a voyage we muſt all endure,
The ſlow diſeaſe admits no haſty cure.

GREAT God! who only can'ſt the ſtorm appeaſe,
Who view'ſt our labours thro' the gloomy ſeas,
Thou, who alone could'ſt make, can'ſt only guide
Th' unſteady veſſel thro' the furious tide;
Do thou direct, do thou our travel crown,
Our port, our happineſs, our end alone.
What time the pilgrimage of life is paſt,
Man is allow'd the remedy to taſte;
A bitter draught, that, from *Lethæan* ſprings,
A criſis to the breaſt's diſorders brings.

EPISTLE II.

NOW the deſcending ſun with feeble fires
Weary beyond the weſtern hills retires;
Come, gentle death, this fev'riſh heat allay,
Spent with the labours of the burning day,
To thy cool grottoes anxious I repair,
And ſink to reſt—oh! all's in ſilence there.
There may the wretch oppreſs'd with fortune's chain
Find ſure relief from ſlavery and pain,
Or monarch more unhappy than the ſlave
May loſe the plague of factions in the grave:
No ſchemes confound, no furious tempeſts roar,
No tumults rage on death's infernal ſhore.
Where modeſt merit without ſcorn appears,
Lovers without their jealouſy and fears;
Where poppy-flow'rs the leaden ſceptre crown,
O wretch retire, and lay thy burthen down.
Not pleas'd? he trembles at the dreadful view,
Looks back and hugs his loading cares a-new.
Eternity, the wiſh'd for country, lies
Direct before, but night bedims his eyes;
Reaſon, his guide, an *ignis fatuus* ſeems,
Surpriz'd he ſtarts at cold oblivion's ſtreams,

Miſts, clouds, and vapours hov'ring all around,
No glimpſe of certain guidance to be found.
As when the *Cyclops* in revenge purſu'd
The ſage *Ulyſſes* thro' th' *Ionian* flood;
Depriv'd of ſight, with huge and haſty ſtrides
He ſtalks, the billows thunder round his ſides;
Or to proceed, or baffled ſeek the ſhore,
He now reflects; the foamy ſurges roar;
He hears the diſtant foe, with rage he burns,
But knows the deep's between, and with a ſigh returns.

Is'T true what *Socrates* divinely taught,
What *Crito* ſtudied, and what *Plato* wrote?
Each has a particle of heav'nly ray
That warns us at the deſp'rate leap to ſtay;
The ſoul when burning with a parting fire
Catches and ſtrives, unwilling to retire,
Buſy and flutt'ring, till its hold declin'd,
It riſe in ſmoak and vaniſh in the wind.

It muſt be ſo, or wherefore ſhould we fear
To be we know not what, we know not where?
Did all our *being* periſh at our death,
And all were paſt when we reſign our breath,
Wou'd we ſubmit long hardſhips to endure?
Continue ling'ring when we know the cure?

The

The brutes are with annihilation bleſt,
But man was made ſuperior to the reſt;
With heav'nly intellect and ſenſe endu'd,
To ſhun the evil and to know the good.
Hence 'tis we tremble at a future ſtate,
And fear a ſad convincing when too late,
An awful judge, if thoughtleſs on the way
We left our charge for foolery and play;
Diſſatisfied we ſummon to our view
Our life elaps'd, and trace the ſcenes a-new;
Our days of joy in diff'rent lights are giv'n
Leſt all be ſet to our account in heav'n.
The ſhip juſt harbour'd on a foreign ſhore,
The factor mindful to review his ſtore,
If chance ſome precious freight behind remain,
What pleaſures vaniſh, and what hopes of gain?
The *Olimpic* crown that glitters from a-far
Demands all efforts of a ſteady care;
With joy we ponder all our pains and coſt
When the bright prize is not for ever loſt.

Me thinks, I hear th' arch-angel's trumpet ſound
And with hoarſe ſummons ſhake the clear profound!
All nature ſickens, as the notes ſhe hears,
The dreadful notes untune the rolling ſpheres:

The

The ſun grows pale, the planets fade away,
And time forgets to meaſure out the day.
The ſea with all his waves confounded roars,
Heedleſs of former fates and given ſhores,
Delightleſs ſhores; no longer the retreat
Of ſtriving wretches whom the billows beat.
Earth takes the alarm, expect no refuge there,
Ev'n the great mother bids her ſons deſpair,
Down to the centre her foundations rend,
The central fires on flaky wings aſcend;
The mountains burn, the gloomy caverns glow,
Ungrateful lights diſplay the fiends below;
Deſpair, a foul exanimating voice,
From the curſt realms invades the upper ſkies;
The ſtubborn hearts of men no more can bear,
They fail like flow'rs before the *Sirian* ſtar.
Happy, O happy, in this dreadful day
The man, who left fair virtue's ſacred way,
Might he forever mix with common clay;
To melt like mountains, happy were his lot,
Like flames to vaniſh, and like ſmoak forgot.

But ſee! the almighty judge! tremendous ſhow!
Vengeance and terror thick'ning on his brow.
Unlike the meek, the ſuffr'ing God before,
He comes, the winds, the forky thunders roar.

The

The wing-ſpread chariot rattles thro' the ſkies,
Loud angels hymning as the chariot flies;
Ev'n the great potentate of death reſigns
His leaden ſceptre, and the chorus joins.
Read, read the ſcroll, the day of fate is come,
The godlike angel reads the final doom,
Thro' the dark grave, thro' the devouring deep
The charge is heard and breaks the chains of ſleep.
Awake ye ſleepers, ſounds the heav'nly voice,
Hear all ye dead, to judgment all ariſe.
O earth give up thy ſlain, and thou O ſea,
Open ye vaults, ye marble tombs give way!
Mortality has reach'd its lateſt hour,
Ages are paſt, and time ſhall be no more.

FROM various priſons mingling atoms riſe,
Their ſtation find, and ſoaring ſeek the ſkies.
Alike aſcend to hear their ſolemn doom,
Th' unburied ſlave, and monarch from the tomb.

WHERE now, O man, is all thy pride and ſtate,
Which ev'n to death attends the rich and great?
The warriour now forgets his uſeleſs arms,
And learns to tremble at the ſhrill alarms;
Diſmay and terror on each brow is ſeen,
While conſcience ſtirs a civil war within:

Vir-

Virtue herſelf can ſcarce her hope maintain,
And martyrs find unworthineſs remain.
When juſtice ſearches who can ſtand the teſt?
But god to man's endeavours adds the reſt.
Oh now what wretch, what harden'd ſoul can face
The judge's anger, who refus'd his grace?
Dreadful! he ſpeaks; ye curſed ſeed away,
(And while he ſpeaks they tumble from the day)
Hence ye unjuſt; the never-dying fires,
Th' eternal waves, the worm that ne'er expires,
The place of vengeance to your lot is giv'n,
Your portion ſorrow, the abyſs your heav'n.
And now, O father, is thy will compleat,
My enemies are fall'n beneath my feet.

BUT come, my ſaints, your bleſt reward receive,
To you my everlaſting peace I give:
Bravely you have th' unequal battle gain'd,
And for my ſake a world's reproach ſuſtain'd:
Enter in triumph, all your toils are o'er,
My father welcomes, and you die no more.

WITH glad acclaim the choir of angels hear,
Cherub and *Seraph* loud in thanks appear;
And to the ſaints congratulate their doom,
The joyous ſaints irradiant forms aſſume,

Join

Join the bleſt gods, their glorious flight eſſay,
And hymn their ſaviour thro' the ſtarry way.

So when a peaſant from the neſt removes
Some young unfeather'd ſongſter of the groves;
Shut in a Cage, of tedious life poſſeſs'd,
It ſings, nor knows how happier birds are bleſt;
If from th' unfolding gate it chance to ſtray,
And hears the ſylvan rovers tune the lay,
The long, long loſs of liberty it mourns,
Flies to the groves, and never more returns.

The End of the firſt Part.

14 N033

PART II.

BRITISH MUSEUM

THE

HISTORY

OF

EUROPA.

From the GREEK *of* *MOSCHUS.*

BRITISH MUSEUM

THE

HISTORY

OF

EUROPA.

THE *Cyprian* queen a gentle dream convey'd
To fair *Europa*, the *Phænician* maid,
What time the night had half her clouds withdrawn,
And ſpreading ſtreaks gave earneſt of the dawn,
While ſofteſt ſlumbers in their eaſy chain
Hold the clos'd eye and univerſal reign,
And when the train of dreams compact and true,
Wak'd by the morn, their ſportive courſe renew.

'TWAS then, while great *Agenor*'s daughter preſt
Her lonely bed, reſign'd to balmy reſt,
Amid the room of ſtate, the royal fair,
Sudden beheld two continents appear,
Aſia and ours, (but ours without a name)
Both call *Europa*, both *Europa* claim:
A woman's ſemblance the light phantoms bore,
One a ſtrange garb, and one a *Tyrian* wore.

The

The laſt, with all a tender parent's care,
Bids her behold a nurſe and mother there;
But now reſiſtleſs to the downy bed
The ſtranger bounds, and moſt her words perſuade;
Europa, thus ſhe ſpake, ('tis doom'd above)
Shall be the prize of cloud-compelling *Jove*.

THE viſionary ſtrife appalls the fair,
She ſtarts, awakes, and ſeems to view 'em there.
Surprize and horror thro' her boſom ran,
Penſive ſhe ſat, and thus at length began.

SAY, ye immortal gods, what heav'nly pow'r
Has ſent ſuch phantoms in this ſilent hour?
When all at eaſe, and wrapt in ſoft repoſe,
What dream portentous to my fancy roſe?
What gentle ſtranger flew to my embrace,
And left me charm'd with her attracting grace?
For me the ſhade a kind concern expreſs'd,
And filial ſoftneſs roſe within my breaſt:
But, O ye pow'rs, whate'er the viſion meant,
Accept my pray'rs, and grant a good event.

SHE ſaid; and riſing for her maids ſhe ſends,
Her dear companions, and her boſom friends.
Alike in years the kindred beauties came,
Alike their ſocial love, their rank the ſame:

Oft

Oft times with theſe ſhe forms the joyful round,
Or gathers lillies from the marſhy ground;
Their beauteous limbs together oft they lave,
Shining amid the calm pellucid wave,
Thy ſtream, *Anaurus*. Now they baſkets bring,
Intent to crop the graces of the ſpring,
And with the princeſs in gay order tread,
Faſt by the ſandy ſhore, the ſmelling mead;
Hither they oft reſorted to the green,
Pleas'd with the wavy roar and flow'ry ſcene.

A BASKET, curious work, of flavid ore,
The labour of a god, *Europa* bore:
With this the pow'r of ſea his lybia grac'd,
What time his arms the yielding nymph embrac'd:
From her the gift to *Telephaſſa* came,
From *Telephaſſa* to *Europa*'s claim;
Worthy the mother and the pow'rful queen
The glorious gift; ſuch heav'nly art is ſeen.

AROUND emboſs'd were lively figures ſpread,
Io was there in borrow'd form diſplay'd,
She ſeems a heifer, and extended braves
The foaming ſurges, azure roll'd the waves.
Two ſhepherds on a promontory ſtood
Obſervant, as ſhe plung'd adown the flood;
The gad-bee haunts her by the fierce command
Of *Juno* wrong'd, and drives from land to land;

Jove

Jove too was there, and ſtrokes amid the brine
The beauteous heifer with his hand divine;
Then changing by the *Nile* her ſhaggy hair,
No beauteous heifer but a human fair
Reſhap'd appears; the *Nile* in ſilver flow'd,
Braſs was the heifer and in gold the god.
The ſon of *Maia* on the upper round,
Diſtinguiſh'd by his pow'rful wand is found,
Next him diſtended in a meadow lies
The guardian *Argus* with his hunder'd eyes,
New from his purpling veins engender'd ſprings
A gaudy fowl, that ſpreads his painted wings
Boaſtful, and opens all his plumy pride,
Like the trim galley floating with the tide;
The wings are o'er the bounding gold portray'd:
Such was the baſket of the royal maid.

Now o'er the tinſel landſkip rove the train,
The flowrets ſeek and rifle all the plain.
Some the pale lanquid daffodil require,
Some hyacinths and violets admire;
The varied glories of the ſpring around,
Cropt in their bloom are ſcatter'd o'er the ground.
Some, where the fragrant *Croçus* ſhines a-far,
Vie in their haſte to ſeize the yellow hair;
The princeſs in the midſt tranſcendant goes,
And bears in either hand a purple roſe;

Such,

Such, with the graces to compleat the ſcene,
Treads o'er the woody haunt the *Paphian* queen.

BUT from the royal virgin ſoon ſecure
Ye plants may grow and flouriſh ev'ry flow'r,
Far from theſe native fields muſt ſhe reſide,
Her virgin zone unloos'd, a glorious bride.
For *Jove* proſpecting from the ſtarry reign,
Beheld and lov'd the damſel on the plain:
Venus elanc'd, his breaſt receiv'd the flames,
Venus alone the ſon of *Saturn* tames;
The ſon of *Saturn* to elude the ſtrife
And jealouſy of an eternal wife,
Full purpos'd to poſſeſs the charming prize,
For love forſakes the bleſt ethereal ſkies,
Diveſts the god, a ſhaggy hide he wears,
And now a bull the thunderer appears:
Not ſuch the bull as pent in ſtables low,
Or cut the furrows with the crooked plow;
Nor ſuch as grazing in the paſture ſtray,
Or whirl the carr along the duſty way:
Juſt *Semi-rings* his bending horns appear,
Such and ſo bright the ſilver *Cynthia*'s are;
His graceful limbs with ſleeky yellow glow,
A narrow round of white adorns the brow,
And from his glancing eyes the beamy ſparkles flow.

SUDDEN he ſtalks along the verdant way,
Seen by the maids, but ſeen without diſmay.
Near and more near they confidently move,
And now more bold they ſtroke the gentle *Jove*;
His breath mean while ambroſial odours pours,
Above the fragrance of the blooming flow'rs.
Before *Europa* long the wanton play'd,
And lick'd her neck, and fawn'd upon the maid;
She oft in ſport return'd a kind embrace,
Wip'd from his mouth the foam, and kiſs'd his face.
Raptur'd he roars, like muſick was his voice,
Mygdonian pipes have juſt the pleaſing noiſe;
Low at her feet reſpectfully he bends,
And from his eyes a wiſtful meſſage ſends;
Then, with his head retorted to his back,
Makes frequent ſigns, till thus *Europa* ſpake.

HITHER ye damſels, hither all reſort,
Leave the gay harveſt with the bull to ſport,
The bull ſhall bear us all, his back is broad,
And as a ſhip capacious of the load;
His placid mean denotes a ſoul refin'd,
Who cou'd he ſpeak, wou'd ſpeak like humankind.

SHE ſaid and ſat; the bull had gain'd his end,
And now while all attempted to aſcend,

En-

Enrich'd, contented with the freight he bore,
Sly *Jove* aroſe, and ſped along the ſhore:
Her dear companions the forſaken maid
Aloud invokes, and ſtretch'd her hands for aid;
Her dear companions no aſſiſtance gave,
Amaz'd to ſee her hurried thro' the wave.

Soon the green nereids on their whales aſcend
A wond'rous circle, and the bull attend;
Nor did the mighty ruler of the main
Neglect the paſſage and not join the train;
High o'er the waves his gilded chariot flew,
Harmonious tritons all around purſue,
They blow their ſhells, and ſound the nuptial lay,
The winds, the waves, afar the noiſe convey.
Mean while *Europa* on the ſhaggy god
Sublime was ſeated, and in ſafety rode;
Her right-hand graſp'd his horn, the left ſhe gave
To free her garment from the wetting wave,
The flowing garment ſwelling with the gale
Upbore her light, and ſeem'd a purple ſail:
But when afar ſhe caſt her eye around,
Nor ſaw the ſandy ſhore, nor hilly mound,
Only the heav'ns above, below the tide,
She fear'd, ſhe trembled, and addreſs'd her guide.

O Bull divine! O whither do we ſtray
Thro' this immenſe, unhoſpitable way?

What

What muſt thou be, who, like a ſhip, can'ſt brave,
The wat'ry waſte, for bulls avoid the wave?
What ſpring is here amidſt the brackiſh flood?
Where the green paſture and the flow'ry food?
Art thou a god? if ſo, the part is ſtrange,
Why ſhou'd this god the courſe of nature change?
Bulls walk the earth, and thro' the liquid brine
The dolphins roam, but earth and ſea are thine;
Unwet, untir'd, as quickly thou can'ſt ſtray
Thro' the deep wave, as thro' the woodland way;
And ſoon, I fear, on eagle's wings you'll riſe
Aloft, and leave me in the nether ſkies:
Ah me unhappy! ah forſaken maid!
So diſtant from my native ſhore convey'd!
But thou, who doſt the wat'ry ſceptre ſway,
Neptune! propitious aid me on my way:
Or ſhall I ſee, ah! ſhall I ſee the pow'r,
By whom deluded I forſook the ſhore.

SUCH were th' addreſſes of the royal bride,
When thus the bull with human voice reply'd:
Fear not, my fair, the bull you ſee is *Jove*,
From heav'n deſcended, and transform'd for love;
The liquid proſpect we ſhall quickly leave,
And *Crete* her preſent deity receive;
My infant-nurſing I derive from thence,
And there, my bride, our marriage ſhall commence,

From

From which, I ſee, a race majeſtick ſprings,
Of godlike heroes and of ſcepter'd kings.

THUS ſpake æthereal *Jove*; his words were true,
For ſoon the ſhores of *Crete* appear'd in view;
His borrow'd form the monarch laid aſide,
And ſtrait *Europa*'s virgin zone unty'd;
The ſmiling hours a roſy bed prepare,
And all the graces waited on the fair;
Who ſoon became from mighty *Jove*'s embrace,
The fruitful mother of a glorious race.

14 N08

THE

BATTLE

OF THE

PYGMIES and *CRANES.*

From the LATIN *of Mr* ADDISON.

BRITISH MUSEUM

THE

BATTLE

OF THE

PYGMIES and *CRANES.*

PYGMIES engag'd in horrid war I ſing,
And feather'd troops deſcending on the wing.
Draw up, O muſe, the warriors in array,
Their flaming ſwords and fatal beaks diſplay;
How the reſentment of the Cranes aroſe,
Impell'd diſdainful on inferior foes,
The din of armies in the verſe explain,
And bloody buſtle of the birds and men.

THE glorious deeds of godlike heroes long
Have been the ſubject of th' *Aonian* ſong;
Smooth modulated ſtrains, and pompous rhymes
Convey their valour down to future times.
Of *Grecian* worthies who has not been told,
Theſeus the ſtern, *Æacides* the bold?

Who has not heard the *Mantuan* muſe relate
Arms and the man expell'd by *Juno*'s hate?
The dangers and the toils who does not know,
And wond'rous fortunes of the brave *Naſſau?*
Who is not wearied as he often reads
The *Theban* brothers, or where *Pompey* bleeds?
I firſt of authors treat of new alarms,
Uncelebrated troops and uncouth arms,
Their gracil ſounds of war my ſong deſcribes,
And the great courage of the tiny tribes;
Heroes, with rancour led to fatal blows,
And ſwooping from the clouds aerial foes.

WHERE *India* hails the meſſenger of day,
When from the portal burſts the neareſt ray,
Amidſt a vale, a pleaſurable ſcene
For ſhady thickets and a ſpacious green,
But known to few, (th' unhoſpitable mound
Of ridgy rocks environs all around)
From age to age the pygmy empire ſtood,
While fate with kindneſs us'd the little brood:
To various exerciſe and toil inur'd,
Thro' the long vale the ſwarming artiſts pour'd.
Now o'er theſe rocks if chance a trav'ler roams,
He ſpies a waſte, and deſolated domes,
And little bones, that whiten o'er the plain,
And little ſteps, like ſteps of little men.

The

The Crane now holds th' unpeopled realm alone,
And makes her neſt of the imperial throne
Secure; not ſo, while formidable reign'd
The puny offspring, and their right maintain'd:
Then if a feather'd champion durſt alight,
Or truſt the fortune of a mingled fight,
Fierce the ſhort ſoldier ſtrides, in armour bound,
And ſtrikes the tall opponent to the ground;
He lifts the booty ſwagging o'er the plain,
And like a cannibal devours the ſlain.

OFT he wou'd creep along the ſhady green
To pierce the fowls, by ſtratagem unſeen:
Oft he wou'd climb to where the neſts were hung,
To puniſh the proud parent in the young.
When with much art the rounded frame ſhe made,
And in her eggs her future offspring laid,
The furious Pygmy, breathing vengeance, came,
Rowls the broad ſword, and whizzes the bright flame,
Imperfect lifes are loſt and foes without a name.

HENCE wrath and wars, hence fatal wars enſu'd,
Armies encount'ring, and reſolv'd on blood;
Red wounds of men, and birds transfix'd in air,
And ſcenes of ſlaughter, havock, and deſpair.
Deeds not ſo rugged, and a calmer day,
The blind *Mæonian* ſung in lofty lay,

When

When firſt he ſet his ſwift-foot ranks in arms,
And toſs'd the lake with horrible alarms,
Where ſtab'd with pointed ruſh, a rueful ſight,
Expiring mice lay floating in the fight,
While the hoarſe frog complains with diſmal ſound,
One thigh now wanting ſhews his bleeding wound,
And hardly with three legs he hops ſlow o'er the ground.

To pygmy wights drew near the fatal day,
When they ſhould all repent them of their prey,
The callow young that dy'd beneath their ſtroke,
And ev'ry egg their cruelty had broke:
For hence enflam'd with ire the Cranes from far
Convene their nations and commence the war.
Thoſe that in oozy mareotis lave,
Or ſkim the *Strymon*'s ſilver-colour'd wave;
Tribes, that *Cayſter*'s native ſhores forſake,
And pow'rful ſquadrons from the *Scythian* lake,
Their kindreds quarrel to aſſert, attend;
Nor fewer troops from *Iſter*'s banks deſcend.
The warriors for the diſtant battle glow,
Their beaks they ſharpen, meditate the blow,
And fit their pinions to aſſail the foe.

Now the commodious ſpring refreſh'd the year,
The noiſy army mounts aloft in air;

High

High in the clouds, and near the cope of heav'n,
With hurrying winds the multitude is driv'n:
Wide æther trembles with the range of wings,
The thick gales float, and all the ſtarry region rings.

NOR with leſs tumult ſhakes the ſolid field,
While clatt'ring ſword by ſword and ſhield by ſhield,
The poppets mindful of th' important day
Form all their troops in terrible array:
Amid the ranks the Pygmy-chief appears
As o'er the crowd his waving creſt he rears,
With awful majeſty and princely port,
Diſtinguiſh'd from the grandees of his court,
Excelling all, and well to all preferr'd,
Of ſize gigantick, almoſt half a yard:
His aſpect ſtern, for oft in rugged wars
Long claws had plough'd his manly face with ſcars;
There marks of beaks ſtand glorioufly confeſs'd,
With wounds the foes had ſcratch'd upon his breaſt;
A laſting hatred urg'd his valiant mind
To frequent quarrels with the long-neck'd kind;
Him with arm'd talons who durſt ever ſeek,
Or try the combat with the dint of beak,
Found the falſe ſtep, his fond preſumption made;
For when the champion draws his murd'ring blade,
Deep-gaſhing blows the flutt'ring pinions meet,
He lops the wings and cuts off all retreat.

What

What miſchief has he done! What birds has kill'd!
How oft *Strymonian* ſhores with woeful wailings
fill'd!

AND now a din confus'd is heard a-far,
The ſound approaching with the flying war;
The pitchy cloud they follow with their eyes,
Replete with arms and feather'd enemies:
At length more near in order they diſcry
Squadrons by ſquadrons ventilate the ſky,
That ſeem th' expanſe to cover all abroad,
And overſhadow the low Pygmy crowd.
Agglomerate thus ſwarm'd the airy hoſt,
Now ſwarm'd, but thinner to their native coaſt
Return'd each ſtate. The manlike Pygmy glares
Ireful, and ſeems to call them from the ſtars.
No let; adown the darting warriors ſpring,
Th' expected war comes tumbling on the wing:
The battle thunders, all around appear
Torn feathers floating in the clouded air;
Repuls'd, up-mounts on high the weary Crane,
And ſoon refreſh'd falls fiercer on the plain.
Dubious the fortune of the well fought day;
Here deep-tranſfix'd the plumy ſoldier lay,
Or bleeding whirls impetuous round and round,
And with his beak ſtill aims a harmleſs wound,
Eager and weak he pecks with gaſping breath,
And thruſts his talons, till revok'd by death.

THERE

THERE crimſon drops the Pygmy's arms diſtain,
He ſobs, juſt ſpent, and madding with the pain,
With his ſhort foot he beats the ſolid ground,
And curſes the ſharp claw, his falling arms reſound.
The battle heats, and labour all the plains,
Diſcolour'd with the ſtreams of ſpouting veins;
Swords, wings, and claws, and hands in heaps are
ſpread,
And arms and beaks in blended ruin laid.

THE Pygmy-chief with ardent courage glows,
And makes a lane thro' the retiring foes:
Midſt death and ſlaughter, with his clanging ſhield,
He thunders thro' the horrors of the field;
The birds oppoſe their ſharpen'd beaks invain,
Nor can their wings knock down the daring man;
Juſt terror of the Cranes, where e'er he ſprings,
The battle bleeds, and all the ſtir he brings;
When hither by the clatt'ring tumult driv'n,
Sudden, unmark'd, (ſuch was the will of heav'n)
A monſtrous, formidable bird deſcends,
Darts her ſharp talons, and the chief comprends:
With wings reſounding, (ſtrange and horrid ſight)
Up to the clouds ſhe lifts her rapid flight;
High hangs the captain, dangling by the claws,
A ring of cranes around the booty draws;
With rueful look, aghaſt, the Pygmies eye
Their great commander leſſen'd in the ſky.

AND

AND now the bloody ſcenes more dreadful grow,
The ſouſing cranes attack the ranks below,
Peck at their eye-balls, and their faces tear,
Then with a ſpring regain the liquid air:
Impatient of their wounds, the Pygmy race
Aim upward blows, and beat the vacant ſpace.
Such was the view of war, as bards have ſung,
When *Briareus* the woody pelion flung,
With *Jove* diſputing his own ſtarry ſky,
And ſhook th' immortal thunderer on high:
Bolts claſh with mountains thro' the void; great *Jove*
Vibrates his forky vengeance from above,
Till on the earth her giant ſons are ſpread,
And ſcorch'd with ſulphur ſmoke the mighty dead.

AT length the Pygmies find their ſtrength decay,
Struck with unuſual dread and foul diſmay
Part turn their backs, part raiſe a feeble voice,
Away the people of the cubit-ſize
Run ſtraggling o'er the field; the conqu'ring crew
With keen revenge and cruelty purſue,
And tear, and haul, and thunder on behind,
Bent to deſtroy the whole nefarious kind.

THUS

THUS fell the houſe of Pygmies, that had reign'd
Such length of years, ſuch bloody wars maintain'd,
And from the Cranes oft won the glorious day;
Extirpate now for ever and for aye.
Alas! within the unerring book of fate
The certain bounds are fix'd for ev'ry ſtate:
So far great empires are allow'd to flow,
And then with quick reflux muſt backward go.
Thus periſh'd proud *Aſſyria*'s mighty pow'r,
And *Perſia*'s monarchy, in days of yore;
Nor warlike *Greece* eſcap'd the diſmal doom,
Nor miſtreſs of the world, imperial *Rome*.

NOW in the fields below, in myrtle ſhade
Elyſian vallies and the glimm'ring glades,
With ancient heroes, high and mighty ghoſts,
The phantom Pygmies mix their little hoſts.
Or, if the ſtory be as true as old,
Which long-liv'd matrons ſeriouſly have told,
The wond'ring ſhepherds oft in moonſhine nights
Behold the Pygmy-forms and puny ſprights;
While free from perils, of the Cranes ſecure,
Paſt ills forgot, none left them to endure,
The green-cloath'd crowd in airy rings advance,
Tread joyous meaſures, and indulge the dance,
Glide thro' the grove, or haunt the narrow lane;
And people call them now, the *Fairy Train*.

14 N063

THE

DEAN's PUDDING.

Written at the DESIRE *of Dr* BLAND,

Late DEAN *of* DURHAM.

BRITISH MUSEUM

THE

DEAN's PUDDING.

MUSES, I call, deſcend your hill,
Aſſiſt my greatly daring quill!
That firſt attempts a Pudding's praiſe,
Ye muſes aid the novel lays.
A Pudding! ſiſter, *Clio* cries,
He might as well have talk'd of pyes.
On mount *Parnaſs* our air is good,
Our garments thin, and light our food;
No, no, ſays ſhe, with ſneering look,
Invoke not us; conſult the cook.

HERE *John*—for you muſt know *John Gooding*,
We muſt have verſes on that Pudding,
The dean appoints, and you know *John*
Its value and compound, or none;
So give us its encomium, think,
While I get ready pen and ink.

Imprim. that pudding on the board
Is a choice diſh for any lord.

Item,

Item, for ſtateſmen Pudding's beſt
With honeſty——*probatum eſt*.
Item, if any country ſquire
To politicks and wit aſpire,
Here let him hack and cut that paſte,
Here let him fill and form his taſte.
Then as for courage, let me tell ye,
A good foundation in the belly
Is no bad thing; e'er battle clatters
Set me a Pudding on your platters.
If the *French* budge, eat on in ſpite,
You fight to eat and eat to fight.

THAT paultry, motley tribe the beaux,
Who flutter in their tinſel cloaths,
And carry on their wigs that meal,
Which from the Pudding-bags they ſteal,
(Nefarious act) are curs'd of all men,
They'll ne'er be wiſe, or ſtout, and tall men;
Pudding, if the proud things wou'd feed,
Wou'd fill their ſculls and mend the breed;
Ah! had they known this diſh to prize,
They had been men, not butterflies.

WHAT makes ſuch wiſhy-waſhy ſons
As lately ſail'd to fight the dons?
Their mothers did not like the meſs
Which pleas'd the dames of good queen *Beſs*.

What

What makes your courtiers ſo and ſo,
That cringe, and cheat, and fleer, and bow?
Or ſlaviſh members in the houſe,
French kickſhaws, frigacees, ragous?
But heroes that will ſpend their blood in
Their country's ſervice, call for Pudding;
Patriots, that to the *Speaker* baul
For freedom, eke for Pudding call,
And let the *Speaker* too have ſome,
Or elſe the *Speaker* will be dumb;
And let the judge, who knows the laws,
And jury cram, or ſtarve the cauſe.

WILL biſhops eat it? that's a good one,
Have we not grace along with Pudding:
You ſee the dean, tho' he's no biſh——
——hop, whets his fancy at the diſh,
Not eat it? aye, that's good enough,
Will prieſts refuſe their guts to ſtuff?
And can they have a better thing?
This Pudding's fit to ſtuff a king.

HERE's *Europe*'s wheat, from farmer *Stephen*,
With new-lay'd eggs in number ſeven.
Currants and plumbs, to tell how many
Wou'd puzzle *Ditton* and *Delany*.
The mace from *Aſia*'s coaſt convey'd,
And cinnamon encourage trade,

But

But that we ſhou'd not uſe too much,
That branch we wiſely gave the *Dutch*.
The ſugar grated o'er the top
Was from the weſtern quarter's crop.
In *Africk* had we nothing grew?
Yes ſure, the dates and almonds too.
See here all climes conbine; obſerve hoe
My microcoſme, *multum in parvo!*
A ſea of butter there behold
The margin of the globe enfold!

THE world of brother epicurus
Juſt ſo, as thoſe that read aſſure us,
Was made of atoms, here and there
Collected to a goodly ſphere.

KING *Alexander* with his men
Conquer'd all lands, they ſay, and then
What did he do? he ſob'd and ſigh'd,
Sat down upon a ſtone and cried
For other worlds in doleful taking;
Now here's a world of my own making.
Cry for a Pudding!—had that bully
Told me but ſuch a ſtory, truly
I ſhou'd have cur'd him of the ſpleen
By ſtopping up each chink within,
I ſhou'd have ſatisfied his whim
And made worlds big enough for him.

WHEN

WHEN lovers look like chalk and whine,
And find no remedy in wine;
When doctors ſtarve with water-gruel
Thoſe folks that find the ladies cruel;
Preſcribe, old rock, each ſimple calf
Of Pudding one full pound and half;
With good roaſt beef and good ſtrong beer,
And ſuch like other goodly cheer,
Let each his heaving belly fill,
(Let doctor *Mead* ſay what he will)
For this or nought, I'll pawn my life,
Will mend their longings for a wife.

AT *Pontack*'s if you dine with fops,
You'll have whipp'd cream and ſuch ſlip ſlops;
For ven'ſon paſty ſome will ſtickle,
And ſome for ſtew'd calves head and pickle:
The knight eats oyſters like a glutton,
My lady recommends her mutton
The beſt in *Europe*, cut and try:
Or, pray Sir, taſte that apple pye.
Pudding's before them all, I tell ye,
For——it's a fav'rite of our *Nelly*.

THUS ſpake the cook with fiery face,
And ſtrait withdrew himſelf and greaſe,
But left ſuch ſteams, beyond deſcriptions,
Humph!—like the fleſh-pots of *Egyptians*

THE

PARISH-CLERK's

PROCLAMATION.

BRITISH MUSEUM

THE

PARISH-CLERK'S PROCLAMATION.

THE text was ſplit and ſplit again,
The hungry people ſaid *Amen*;
And now the text was quite forgot
For belly-timber and the pot;
The grey church-warden marches prim,
The heavy ſexton after him:
Much news was of *Culloden* battle,
Of parliaments and horned-cattle,
Of ſcandal much, as was the faſhion,
But hold——our clerk makes proclamation.

O YES! hereby is notice giv'n
That *June* the firſt, old ſtile, at ſeven,
A gentle heart was miſs'd, alack!
Which to this day has ne'er come back,
The lord knows how ſurpriz'd and gain'd,
And ſtill feloniouſly detain'd,
Perſons ſuſpected in th' affair
Are two young pretty girls, we hear;
At church or ball you'll know 'em well,
Among a thouſand they excell.

Ce-

Celia has a bewitching grace,
An eaſy air, an angel's face;
Her common ſpeech, it ſeems, is ſweeter
Than any ſtaff of *Sternhold*'s metre.
Clara is only turn'd ſixteen,
And yet ſuch charms in her are ſeen,
I wiſh the man that dares accoſt her
May not forget his *Pater-noſter*;
The lambent flames are ſaid to play
Among her treſſes——Lack-a-day!

BETWEEN theſe two the theft muſt lie,
I've giv'n the marks to know 'em by,
And ſince our conſciences condemn
Each party, as moſt likely, hem!
To have committed ſuch a crime,
Pray ſeek them without loſs of time.
Be't known to all, what nymph or ſwain
Can help us to this heart again,
Or takes the robbers up and brings
On *Sunday* next to parſon *Byngs*,
Shall be rewarded with a prayer,
And all the pudding we can ſpare,
With crumbs of comfort for a ſinner.
So I'll march home and get my dinner.

Dean

Dean SWIFT *to Lord* ORRERY.

A PAPER book is ſent by *Boyle*
Too nicely gilt for me to ſoil, *&c.*
See his Works.

The DEAN *to Lord* ORRERY.

In IMITATION *of the foregoing.*

ONCE I receiv'd a book from *Boyle*
Too nicely gilt for me to ſoil,
The paper ſtill untouch'd remains,
Guiltleſs of my poetick ſtains.

THIS to your lordſhip I reſtore,
You may——tho' I muſt write no more.
Who knows, but you may give a lift
To the poor memory of *Swift?*
This volume, let me ſee, will hold
More than is needful to be told
Of me, my writings, ſayings, doings,
Preferments, politicks, and knowings.

BE not too ſanguine to commend,
Yet ſpare the failings of a friend,
And ſome things, pray, but lightly touch on,
Or they'll be blots in your own ſcutcheon.

Mr

Mr GAY's EPITAPH.

LIFE is a jeſt, and all things ſhow it,
I thought ſo once but now I know it.

Written underneath.

Are you in earneſt, mighty poet?

On the ſame.

IF *Gay* be nothing, can he know
How things in jeſt or earneſt go?
If *Gay*' immortal, and can tell
Whether there be a heaven or hell,
Will he advance, that there's no need
Of grave thought? that's a jeſt indeed.

* *On the* BRITISH FLEET *at* Lisbon.

WHILE *Alps* and *Apennines* the Gaul obey,
And *Jove*'s own eagle doubts his future ſway,
Fair *Thetis* ſends her *Briareus* once more,
And ſaves the earth, who ſav'd the heav'ns before.

On Sir Iſaac Newton's BUSTO.

WHEN *Caroline* to learning juſt,
Rais'd, to adorn great *Newton*'s duſt,
This monument of *Parian* ſtone,
In adamant ſhe built her own.

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* Theſe pieces won the *Epigram* prize in the *Gentleman's Magazine*.

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On the RAPE *of the* LOCK.

AT length, *Belinda*, ceaſe to mourn
Thy raviſh'd hairs in triumph born;
Dan Pope in his embalming page,
(Preſerv'd from time's deſtructive rage)
Theſe flaming treſſes ſhall diſplay
When thoſe remaining locks are grey.

So *Midas* when he choſe to rove
Amid the blooming leafy grove,
Might on ſome happy branch lay hold,
And make it everlaſting gold.

On

On the TRANSLATION *of* CHAUCER *into* modern *Engliſh.*

ÆSON (ſays *Ovid* in his book)
Medea takes in hand to cook.
Him in a kettle firſt ſhe fixes,
Then pow'rful charms and juices mixes,
Till warm'd all over up he ſprung,
Danc'd with his daughter and was young,
Such *Chaucer* ſeems—the muſe ordains
This fate ſhou'd mark his endleſs ſtrains:
That future bards, who read his page,
Shall ſpread his praiſe from age to age,
Not by their own inferior thought,
But by reſtoring what he wrote.

THUS in the hedge, by autumn ſhorn,
Appears the bare unſightly thorn;
Its rugged ſtock, and prickly arms,
Afford no ſign of former charms:
At ſpring's return yet mark it bloom,
With ſnowy flow'rs, and ſweet perfume!
And ſmiling virgins pluck the ſpray,
To grace the wreaths of chearful *May*.

To Mr FLOWR, *a* QUAKER, *on his new invented* CHAISE.

THE man call'd *Ovid* (thou may'ſt look
In *Metamorph.* the ſecond book)
An elegant account has giv'n
Of a fine chariot us'd in heav'n;
Had that ſame heathen ever ſeen
Thy curiouſly contriv'd machine,
O *Flowr*, (thy celebrated name
Reſounding with the voice of fame)
In ſmootheſt verſe thy chaiſe had run
'Long as the chariot of the Sun.

* *The* NEWCASTLE INFIRMARY.

TO raiſe the drooping human face divine,
When the dim eyes with languid luſtre ſhine;
To ſtill the plaintive patient's wretched moans,
The maim'd and cripple's agonizing groans,
To ſuccour the diſtreſs'd; bid comfort dwell
With healing med'cine in the furniſh'd cell,
While penury and pain reluctant own
Their tyranny's united pow'rs o'erthrown;
For this the well concerted ſcheme was wrote
With gen'rous zeal, and ſanctity of thought;
The humane harmony ſoon underſtood
Excites the great and wiſe, the fair and good;
The voice of charity reſounds ſo clear,
Already ſee the deſtin'd dome appear,
Aſylum of the poor, whom fate has hurl'd
Low to the mercy of a cruel world.

Amphion thus (as ancient bards have ſung)
His vocal ſhell nigh *Dirce*'s fountain ſtrung,
The charming notes a liſt'ning nation drew
To ſweet ſoci ty and labours new,
The moving ſtones a ſpacious wall compoſe,
And *Theban* tow'rs in harmony aroſe.

F A-

* This piece was publiſh'd in the *Newcaſtle Journal*, inſcrib'd to Sir *Walter Blackett*, Bart. Member of Parliament for *Newcaſtle*.

FABLE I.

The MOON *and* EVENING STAR.

TRUE worth of mind is ever bright,
A conſtant, but a ſimple light;
With honeſty it ſhines, nor fears
Diſgrace from kings, or flouts from peers,
With patriot virtues ſtill prevails
When glaring, borrow'd honour fails.

THE ſun was ſet, and now the ſkies
Were deck'd with all their glorious eyes;
A brillant levee ſcarce affords
Such glitt'ring ſparks of dukes and lords.
A worthy ſtar of noted blaze,
Bright *Heſper*, ſpreads his kindly rays,
Oft by the hind and craftſman bleſt,
Oft in the ſeaman's praiſe expreſs'd;
But envied by the waning moon
That with ſuperior grandeur ſhone.

She

She their reſpect with ſcorn beheld,
Conſcious how far her pow'r excell'd.
Indignant thus; vain ſpark, ſhe cried,
Thy little twinkling honours hide,
Nor let yon fools their joys miſplace
On thy weak unavailing rays;
My influence the ocean feels,
I ſtop the navies, launch the keels;
I give the flocks to range or feed,
And light to carriers, when there's need,
My glories——view my ſplendid ſtate!
On me you ſtars in order wait.

HESPER no anſwer made it ſeems,
As *Partridge* tells us in his dreams.

THAT and another night were paſt,
A fourth and fatal came at laſt.
Her ſhort reign clos'd, the mufled moon
Was forc'd to lay her honours down;
Phœbus, obeying nature's laws,
From her large orb his light withdraws;
Th' aforeſaid *Partridge* us'd to ſay
Tellus ſometimes was in the way.

WHEN *Heſper* ſaw her dark'ned ſhade,
He thus in words opprobrious ſaid.

WHO

WHO now moſt gilds the duſky ſky?
Who ſhines more radiant, you or I?
Your honours now are out of ſight,
And ſo, good madam *Moon*, good night.

FABLE II.

The PEARL-FISH *and* MACKREL.

FROM ſea to ſea, from ſhore to ſhore,
Man's vice purſues the burniſh'd ore.
How eager for the *Indian* mine
The *French* and *Engliſh* croſs the line!
And in their trade make ſuch a pother,
Snarling and biting one another!
Africk is plagu'd too for her gold,
And e'en her ſooty ſons are ſold.
Well; and are whites leſs barbarous folks?
An honeſt man's a *John-a-nokes*.
Your knowing-one will ſell himſelf
And all his countrymen for pelf;
With either ſex, in ev'ry ſtation,
Pelf is the idol of the nation,
The devil it is——and valour's dead,
Virtue grown old, and juſtice fled:
And yet, my friend, can *Cent. per Cent*,
Yield the great bleſſing of content?
Can all the ſpoils of earth and ſea
Compenſate glorious liberty?

WHILE underneath the azure waves
A *Pearl-fiſh* her bright honours laves,
And peeping from the door by ſtealth
Unloads and gathers up her wealth;
With heedful eye ſhe notes around
The ſcenes amid the wa'try mound,
Where *Brets* and *Whitings* catch the day,
And *Eels* in wanton mazes play.
Alone a *Mackrel* chanc'd to ſwim;
From ſhell half clos'd ſhe ſquals to him.

Ho! neighbour, do but ſtop and view
The folly of yon careleſs crew,
Unthinking fools to ſport at eaſe
While *Sharks* and *Dolphins* ſcour the ſeas;
Soon from the ocean's inner ſeat
Hither may various forms retreat,
And ſoon the unexpecting train
Strive to elude their jaws in vain.
The cares you only ſeem to know
Of fiſhes militant below.
Truly we're very ſore beſet
With robbers and the hook and net;
For my part, fearing ſome of theſe,
I ne'er enjoy a moment's peace,
Still anxious; tho' you'd think I dwell
Secure from danger in a ſhell.

UN-

UNHAPPY ſlave, replies the friend,
Would'ſt thou in earneſt put an end
To this intruding flow of care?
Theſe glitt'ring pearls you well may ſpare;
Give up thoſe pearls.——hum! did you ſay,
Give up my treaſures? lack-a-day!
How envy blinds ſome fiſhes' eyes!
Kings wou'd be proud of ſuch a prize.
What merit it wou'd bring to peers!
What flatt'ry to a lady's ears!
Part with my wealth, ſo juſtly giv'n,
The benefit of gracious heav'n!
I'd part with life and body firſt——
Then live with thy own folly curſt.
And know theſe riches were not ſent
For bleſſings, but a puniſhment,
Doom'd as thou art in mud to creep,
Poor grovelling toad, and watchful keep
Fine glaring toys thou canſt not uſe,
Yet ever, ever, fear to loſe.
Not all the wealth beneath the wave
Cou'd bribe me to be ſuch a ſlave:
With peace of mind and freedom bleſt,
To providence I leave the reſt.

FABLE III.

The PEACOCK, BUTTERFLY *an* SPARROW-HAWK.

DAN PHOEBUS with his orient ray
Diſpers'd the ſhades and gave the day,
And now had half his journey run;
Proſe-writers tell you, it was noon.
Cloſe by the boarders of a wood,
A Peacock, arrogant and proud,
Solacing in the platane-ſhade,
The beauties of his train diſplay'd,
Strutting along the lawny ground,
And ſnuffing at the poultry 'round.

LARD! ſays he, talking to himſelf,
I pity yonder ſhabby elf,
That ſcarce a feather has to boaſt,
Son of a dunghill, fit to roaſt.

Horrid

Horrid to ſee ſuch aukward fowls!
Theſe dirty geeſe, thoſe diſmal owls;
Such neighbours I reject with ſcorn,
Of higher nature I was born;
On me the loves and graces ſmile,
The glory of this happy iſle.
How all the cringing creatures ſtare
At my grand ſhow, and noble air!
E'er ſince the miſtreſs of the ſkies
Gave me to ſhine with *Argus'* eyes.

Now wafted from the blooming trees
As too much ruffled by the breeze,
A tender animal drew nigh,
A many-colour'd Butterfly.

Good-day, my lord; and I proteſt
Your lordſhip's elegantly dreſt;
Colours inimitably gay!
Not gaudy in the leaſt, not they,
And ſo well rang'd, that, let me die.
I cannot cenſure here, not I.
This is a happineſs compleat
With one of ſuch fine taſte to meet,
For delicacy is the thing——
As for the fancy of this wing,
(Still with ſubmiſſion to your grace)
The naivetee' I think will paſs;

Ex-

Except yourſelf, no bird that flies
I think, can match theſe curious dies:
The Larks and Linnets make a fuſs,
They ſing, but do they look like us?

A SPARROW-HAWK, who ſaw their motions,
And entertain'd quite different notions
Of all their gallantry and pride,
With indignation, thus replied.

HENCE, both ye coxcombs, dull and vain,
Fops of the tawdry coat and train,
Hence, or I'll bruſh you with rude wings,
Weak, idle, good-for-nothing things;
You, (and be hang'd) the country's boaſt!
O mighty, reputable hoſt!
Devoid of valour and of ſenſe,
With nothing but impertinence!
The worth of all your race together
Is three blue beans in one blue bladder.

HARKEE, lord *Trail*, without a joke,
You're but a jeſt to clever folks,
With joy you ſpread your ſtately trim,
They think it but a ſilly whim,
And thoſe that look out with ſharp eyes
Will often mark you for a prize,

For

For each Jack-daw and Rook preſumes
To peck your creſt and pull your plumes.

AND you, ſir *Fopling* of the green,
Late a poor grovelling worm obſcene,
Slight, filmy inſect at the beſt,
With all your tinſel honours dreſt,
How dare you entertain the thought
Of meriting regard for nought?
The ſport of every blaſt that blows,
Nuſance of friends, and ſcorn of foes?
An evil hour produc'd your ſwarms
That flutter with the country's harms.
If in the cabinet and court
You name admires, I retort,
Senſe in ſome colleges is ceas'd,
Your Virtuoſo is a beaſt,
So is the conniſſeur of faſhion,
Your friend by way of imitation,
Like you, a thing that's made for ſhow,
A deſpicable, mealy beau,
Whoſe want of brains, and want of ſtrength,
Is ev'n the *Frenchmen*'s jeſt at length;
For while their fopp'ry here prevails
Old *England* muſt lay down the ſcales.

FA-

FABLE IV.

The LADY *and the* FLY.

PAST ten o'Clock, the breakfaſt ready,
Down comes miſs *Prue*, without my lady;
(The matron's breaſt went pit-a-pat,
But *Aqua Vitæ*'s good for that)
Saucers and cups the table grace;
Ho! where's our *John*, and where is *Beſs*?
What *Damon* here?—and madam *Blight*?
I'm ſorry for your luck laſt night,
Sad luck indeed; but what cou'd help?
When that ſhe fox begins to yelp,
One always falls into the dumps,
And hardly knows what ſuit is trumps.

WELL, but perhaps 'tis no great matter
To mention ev'ry word they chatter,
Let all their tongues run glibly o'er
What whiſpers they have heard and more,
Of ſcandal let them take their fill,
And cenſure ſtateſmen, if they will,

Or

Or this fop's wig, or t'other's fiddle——
Our ſtory haſtens to the middle.
The belle aſſemblee ſeated round,
With beſt bohea the cups were crown'd,
The cakes were handed to and fro,
They eat, as any one wou'd do;
The nectar of the foreign tree
They drain'd; in ſhort, they drank their tea.

A SAUCY fly, that cou'd not bear
To be alone without a ſhare,
In haſte his nimble wings expands
And perches on the lady's hands,
But liking not his converſation
She forthwith ſhook him from his ſtation;
He more enrag'd to be thus ſcorn'd,
Again beat off, again return'd,
Bleſs me! theſe bold, intruding flies,
Can ne'er be bore, the lady cries;
Thrice have I driv'n him from the board,
Yet here he perks it like a lord.
With that ſhe gently takes the key,
That opes her cabinet of Tea,
Meaning the inſect vile to cruſh,
(Now good folks, we ſhall have him——huſh!)
But e'er ſhe reach'd his little back,
Down falls the engine——with a crack,

Its weight the cup and ſaucer feel,
Which were not half ſo hard as ſteel.

HER new enamell'd china broke,
What *Dæmon* ſhall the nymph invoke!
Was e'er unhappy creature nurſt
By chriſtians, ſo ſeverely curſt?
O dire misfortune! paſt all hopes
Of reparation——down ſhe drops——
Run *Betty* for the ſmelling bottle——
Not all the rules of *Ariſtotle*,
Or *Seneca*, can bring relief
To ſuch immod'rate force of grief.
In frantick mood, like any queen,
That ſplutters in the tragic ſcene,
She throws her arms about, and hits
Poor *Peg*, and *Betty* in her fits,
And ſtares, like any witch, and raves——
Damon, the humbleſt of her ſlaves,
The fury of the tempeſt o'er
Slips fairly off, and ſhuts the door.
The fly returning to the table
Thus ſpeaks the moral of our fable.

WHAT little accidents can vex
The faireſt of the female ſex!

A *French* head-dreſs, too late come o'er,
A pin, a beau, a mattadore,
A party-ribbon ſet awry,
Things inſignificant as I.
Dear miſs, by heart this leſſon get,
You're not too old for learning yet;
Thoſe that are willing to be wiſe
Will feeble injuries deſpiſe,
With inconveniences put up,
Rather than hazard purſe or cup;
(As ſome folks for ſome paultry evil
Make gen'ral wars, and play the devil)
O had you kept ſerene your temper,
Dear *Damon* had been *idem ſemper*,
You had not loſt by one ſad blow
Your lover and your china too.

YE-

YESTERDAY's JOURNEY.

LOOK in the *Almanack* for *June*,
How ſerves the tide? how is the moon?
Our time of coming back we'll fix;
Four then; 'twill be too late at ſix.
And as we go, we'll take our rout
By —— 'tis not much about.

AND ſo, the morning mild and fair,
We march away for L——d knows where.
The Landau open'd, like an oyſter,
Here ſits a nun as in a cloyſter,
That garb denotes ſuch lonely life,
Or elſe it is the parſon's wife.
But there's a lady young and gay,
As fine as any flow'r in *May*,
Who ſpreads her ribbons full in view,
As at a ball, or in a pew;
Look you, ſhe's talking to the 'ſquire;
That's gentle *G*—— who ſits cloſe by her.

WE'VE left (what can be in their mind?)
Two of our company behind.

They

They call'd at *W*——'s in the way;
(And how does miſter *T*——, pray?)
The parſon had in charge to ſeek
A capuchin left there laſt week,
Which his own deary had forgot—
I hold a pint he brings it not.
He woman's ſtuff and trump'ry bring!
He's thinking on ſome other thing:
Old muſty ſtuff of heathen-ſinner,
Or what he may expect for dinner.
Well, have you brought it?—O good lack!—
Now goes the laugh, and now the clack,
Thunder in *F*—*y*'s charming voice,
And light'ning from her killing eyes.
And won't you huff him, miſtreſs *Thing?*
I'd ſcold him if he were a king.

PROCEED ye muſes; drive on, *Thomas*!
The landau now at diſtance from us,
Says *M*—, what think you, neighbour, ha!
D'ye ſee yon ſteeple in the way?
'Tis thereabout, I'm ſure, ſhe dwells,
Who all our country nymphs excells.
Clap ſpurs to *Sawney*, and I'll ſhow ye
The habitation of fair *Cloe*,
I cannot well forget the door
As I have ſeen it once before.

Let's

Let's fly to——, ſhall we not?
Try if your beaſt can more than trot.
They're making ſuch a noiſe and fuſs,
And ſhall they rail and laugh at us?
But hold, your horſe lifts up his tail,
Poor beaſty, let him ſtop and ſtale,
And ſtrait we'll ſlip quite out of view,
And have our paſtime *entre nous*.

THIS is the Manſion, neat and clean,
For country-houſe, is miſs within?
O Ged! I'm ſuch a dirty ſight;
Pray, Gentlemen, be pleas'd to light.
Madam, all dreſs (or never ſtir)
To you is needleſs;——ſay you, Sir?
Madam, the fineſt wou'd do harm
And cover a ſuperior charm:
(Good neighbour do not laugh) and miſs
No fitter ornament than this,
A ſlender veil, ſo aptly drawn
Over the glories of the dawn,
It had been death to pop too ſoon
Juſt waking on your blaze of noon.
(The old horſe coughs) lud! how you prate,
You'd make one vain at this ſad rate.
But, gentlemen, a diſh of tea——
No, Mam, we cannot ſtay, not we.

Well

Well then, a ſingle glaſs of wine,
And we have bitters vaſtly fine,
Madge, bring a bottle and a ſcrew,
Sir, ſhall I put them in, or you?
M—— drinks a glaſs with ſolemn phyz,
And makes a declaration, *viz.*
I vow, fair *Cloe*, I declare,
Theſe bitters——O how ſweet they are!
There's virtue in your hand, dear madam,
And I'm all ſpirits, ſince I had 'em.
Gravely the other takes his off,
The old horſe gives another cough.
And ſhan't we ſee you at the town?
Hum! I had thoughts of coming down.

Now for more compliments and laughter,
For, look, the coach is coming after.
Ladies, you catch me in ſad trim——
There's miſter ——, ſhe ſpeaks to him;
I have not ſeen your face of late,
When did you hear from *Micklegate?*
Madam, your houſe quite new appears,
Sir, it's has been ſo theſe many years.
Says *F*——*y*, deareſt miſs, (ſays ſhe)
I wiſh we cou'd have ſtaid for tea,
To have enjoy'd a longer chat;
Theſe rogues! we envied them for that,

When

When one, or t'other, cunning elf,
Gallop'd to have you to himſelf.
I hope when you return to *York*,
You'll viſit us, and bring your work.
Ah! miſs! whate'er you're pleas'd to ſay,
You look moſt charmingly to day;
Now don't ſhe, Sir? (this from the heart!
Or is it all diſguiſe and art?)
The 'ſquire, who ſimper'd all the while,
Confirms it with a nod and ſmile,
And Miſs, ſays he, though now we fly,
Have at your quarters by and by.

JUST at the town we made a halt;
Drive to the ſign of what-d'ye-call't,
Aſk if we cannot have ſome fiſh,
O here's a parcel to your wiſh.
To the ſea-ſhore we take a walk,
An hour is ſpent in various talk.
This platform has been much admir'd,
Theſe cannon, were they ever fir'd?
Where's the great gun? it lies that way,
Do you remember, *F—y*, ha!
Let's ſee, what ſays the watch? a hum!
We're ſummons'd to the dining-room.

THE

THE good old cheeſe withdrawn and tarts—
Here's church and king; with all our hearts,
Your toaſts, ho! we've no time to ſpare;
The 'ſquire of *B*—*ll*; and the may'r;
Our neighbour *T*—*t* and one lady:
And now ſee if the coach be ready.
Hem! here's miſs *Cloe*; no you jeer;
No, I'll be hang'd, if ſhe's not here.
Look you, how maſter *Tommy* drags,
He'll pull her petticoat to rags.
Nay, you muſt come along, ſays he,
Now you ſhall ſee, what you ſhall ſee.

THUS have I in ſome picture ſeen
Young *Cupid* and th' *Idalian* queen,
He pulls the goddeſs by her cloaths,
And points his finger from his noſe,
As if he'd ſay; this lovely dame
Will each beholder's breaſt enflame.

So having din'd, and paid mine hoſt—
Here end our rhymes.—The reſt are loſt.

A

FREE MASON's SONG.

By Mr H. JACKSON.

BEGIN, O ye muſes! a free maſon's ſtrain,
Let the numbers be gentle, and eaſy, and plain,
Tho' ſometimes in concert ſublimely we ſing,
Whilſt each brother maſon joins hands with a king.
And princes diſdain not companions to be
With a man that is own'd for a Maſon and free.

WHY ſeek our beſt nobles our myſtries to know,
And rather ſing here, than ſip tea with a beau;
The ſweet notes of knowledge more powerfully call,
Than a fav'rite at court, or a toaſt at a ball.
For truth's ſake a lord is of equal degree,
With a man that is own'd for a Maſon and free.

'TWAS heaven firſt lighted the glorious flame
Of ſcience, which ſages free maſonry name,
From *Adam* it flow'd to the patriarchs of old,
The wiſe king preferr'd it to ophirs of gold.
And Hiram *of* Tyre *join'd with him to be*
Of the number of thoſe who were Maſons and free.

THE

THE *Greg's*, *Anti-gallicks*, and others they ſay
Have ſet up their lodges, and mimick our way,
But frogs claim a curſe, when they croak from the fen,
And monkeys a kick, when they imitate men.
In vain, ſhallow mortals, you, rivals wou'd be
To the man, who is own'd for a Maſon and free.

THE faireſt proportion of things we deſcry
With the deep geometrician's and moraliſt's eye,
The records of time from all others conceal'd,
Like leaves of the ſybils to us are reveal'd.
What's more! we in brotherly love all agree
With the man who is own'd for a Maſon and free.

THE Wiſdom of *Greece* and old *Rome* we explore,
Nay! paſs to the learn'd of the *Memphian* ſhore,
What ſecrets *Euphrates* and *Tigris* have known,
And *Paleſtine* gather'd, are here made our own.
Well may the world wonder what ſtrange things we ſee
With the man who is own'd for a Maſon and free.

No place-men we envy, no faction we mind,
The friends and the lovers of all human kind,
In-

In coffee-houſe benches let ſpeculiſts meet,
And knock down the army or build up the fleet;
But who are ſo merry, ſo happy as we,
With the man who is own'd for a Maſon and free.

THO' the fair from our rites are for ever debarr'd,
Ah! ladies repine not, nor cenſure too hard,
You've no rivals here, not e'en in the glaſs
Where fribbles ſo doat on the ſhade of an aſs.
Your own deareſt pictures, our hearts could you ſee,
Would be found with the man who's a Maſon and free.

THE brighteſt of graces with virtues here join,
No ſuch angel-looks in the drawing-room ſhine,
Bleſt concord and eagle-ey'd truth hover round,
And fair faith and friendſhip, bid ſee the bowl crown'd.
Here's a health, let it paſs with the number of three,
To the man who is own'd for a Maſon and free.
Here's a health, and with three times the number of three,
To the man who is own'd for a Maſon and free.

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FINIS.